The Rodino Committee at Work *Miles Benson*

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts – May 18, 1974, 50 cents

Abortion And the Law

The Editors

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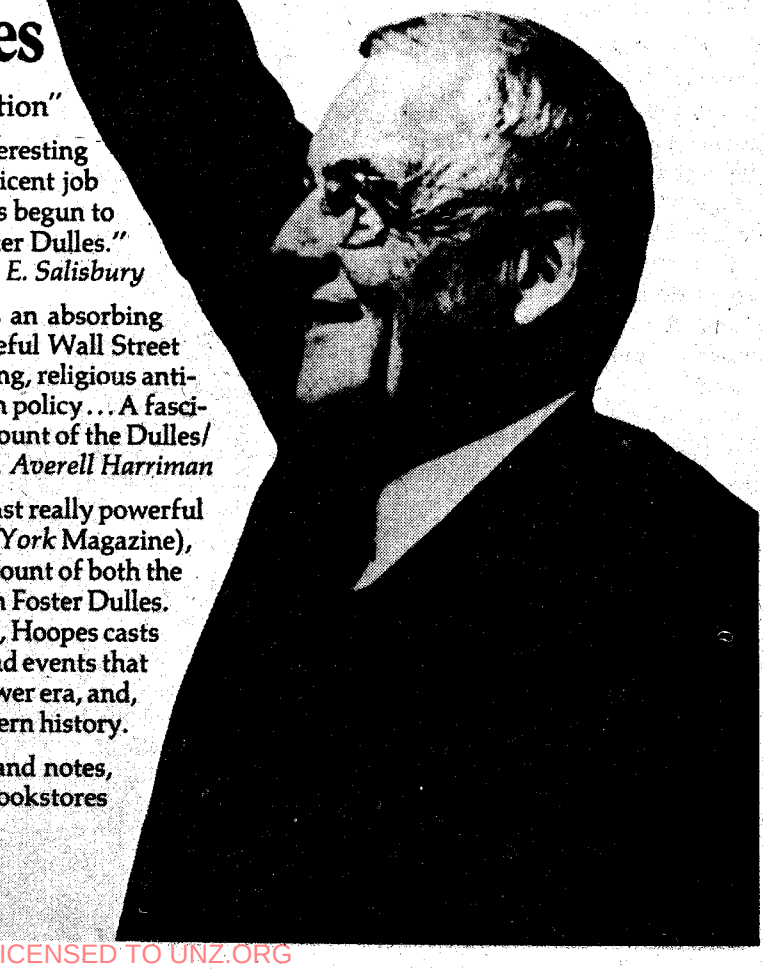

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TRB

from Washington
May 18, 1974

The Plot Sickens

There have been tragic things in the White House before, as when we traveled with the doomed Hoover in 1932 with America filled with Hoover-villes and desperate bonus-marchers. And there was hatred but never the contempt of today.

There have been funny things in the White House before, as when carnal, loutish (but somehow likeable) Harding romped with Nan Britton on the coat closet floor among umbrellas and galoshes, and a Secret Service man guarded the corridor against "the Duchess." But nothing like this.

There is nothing, I repeat, nothing, to compare with this in modern history for comedy, tragedy, craziness, suspense, irony, throwaway lines and amorality; for knaves, sycophants, honest men bemused, tools, dupes and cynics; for religious totem patriotism, and alarums and excursions off stage.

It shouts for a Shakespeare. Who else could do justice to the crewcut Haldeman, the scowling Ehrlichman, the make-believe strong man Nixon, caught like the little ventriloquist from Kansas behind the throne in *The Wizard of Oz*? Or, above all, John W. Dean III, right out of Shakespeare's barrel of villains, young, supple, obsequious, fawning—the brightest one in the crowd; instantly adapting himself to the newest Nixon fantasy, saying when Nixon suggests he tell a cock-and-bull story to the cabinet that he will spin such a yarn as will astonish them.

There is farce, ferocious farce, that breaks out every so often as the President remembers to throw an unctuous line to the unseen sound-activated recording device that only he knows is operating: "I am a law enforcement man," he tells Ehrlichman suddenly and sententiously after one of his rambling conversations. Ehrlichman says "Yeah." Or at another time he first admits complicity in a dubious bit and then seems to remember the recorder and hastily says, "I must say, though, I didn't know it, but I must have assumed it, though."

No other country on earth, save a dictatorship, could permit this discredited man to stay in office, and yet he plans soon to travel to the Middle East and Moscow. We wonder if he will go. We think he misjudged the reaction to the transcripts as much as he did to the firing of Archibald Cox; the latter was a tidal wave, this is a great tide. We think that a palace revolution is forming among conservative Republicans; it began in Hugh Scott's comment, "I think it's a shabby, disgusting, immoral performance"—Scott who was gulled into telling the nation last January that the transcripts would exonerate the President. Keep your eye on Barry!—he is an honorable man; now he is torn and those close to him say that he is under almost intolerable pressure from the White House. Maybe the thing will come soon; maybe before you read this. There is always Section 4 of the 25th Amendment under which Mr. Nixon can step aside and declare himself "unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office" at least temporarily, whereupon "the Vice President shall immediately assume the powers and duties of the office of Acting President."

There is drama here. There is pathos—ruined Bart Porter, White House aide, of whom Ehrlichman coolly reports that Dean devised "a cover story" and that Porter went to the Grand Jury and "perjured himself." Tough, eh? But no comment from "P."

Or take Hugh Sloan, Jr., former campaign treasurer, facing ruin under oath as a witness before the Ervin committee: "P: He's scared? D: He's scared, he's weak. He has a compulsion to cleanse his soul by confession. We are giving him a lot of stroking." Too bad about Sloan, eh? "P" is silent.

Dean has such a way of putting things! When the vindictive President, certain of reelection in September 1972, tells him to compile an enemies list for retaliation later, Dean brightly exclaims, "What an exciting prospect!"

Haldeman and Ehrlichman treat the President barely as an equal; they do not say "sir"; they interrupt him, contradict him, bully him as he vacillates. There is always an unseen fourth character present, the presidency, talked about as though it were another man as they fantasize "scenarios" on how to "PR" the public. Mr. Nixon hasn't known in advance about Watergate, nor about the break-in into the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist and he demands what all this surveillance has produced; surveillance apparently authorized by John Mitchell in a moment of inadvertence. Well, it has not produced anything. "A dry hole," says Mr. Nixon in a magnificent line.

He had knowledge of perjury and didn't disclose it; he had knowledge of the Ellsberg break-in after the fact and didn't disclose it; he gives lessons on law evasion to his cronies; so, he hears, Bud Krogh was forced to perjure himself? "Perjury is an awful hard rap to prove," he tells them encouragingly; the thing is, don't *deny* something; say "I don't remember. You can say, 'I don't recall.'"

L. Patrick Gray, he says during the confirmation fight, "in my opinion, should not be head of the FBI." All Nixon had done was nominate him for the job.

Always, offstage, Howard Hunt is yelling for hush money. Always, outside (in another part of the forest) enemies are gathering. What a Shakespearean scene is that when he summons Mitchell to the White House—the great stone face, the President's former domineering mentor. Mr. Nixon wants Mitchell to take the rap, to be "the big fish" whose harpooning will satisfy the mob. But the President can't face him personally. He tells Ehrlichman to talk to him, he instructs him: "You could say to Mitchell—I think you've got to say—that 'this is the toughest decision he's made, and that he just can't bring himself to talk to you about it.'" Not in blank verse but it sounds like the Elizabethan stage.

There is comedy. P says of Jeb Stuart Magruder, "a very facile liar . . . He was very believable when he lied." There is cruelty. Haldeman says it would be interesting "to watch Mitchell's face" as he is betrayed. The three men pulled the strings of the symbolic "presidency" like raffish cardinals dancing a puppet Pope. Now and then the frightened Nixon reminds himself that "what happens in this office in the next four years will probably determine whether . . . you could have some sort of peace for the next 25 years."

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Abortion And the Law

It is said that the constitution of the Greek city-state of Locris required that anyone proposing a new law had to stand in the Assembly with a rope around his neck—a salutary provision. For as any modern American parent knows, laying down the law is an expedient of last resort, and what is true for the family is true for the society. It is especially true when a controversy turns on conscience, and where there are deep and sincerely held differences in interpretations of "right" conduct. That is the attitude in which we approach the highly charged argument over a proposed constitutional amendment forbidding abortion. In this matter "thou shalt not" is not a sound categorical imperative. By working to legalize the dictum that a human person exists at the moment of conception, moreover, the Roman Catholic hierarchy has produced an ugly confrontation not only with the Supreme Court, but also with a large segment of Protestantism and reform Judaism. When any religious denomination, however powerful (and since they are nearly a fifth of the American population, Roman Catholics are powerful) demands that private doctrine be made public law, more than the ecumenical spirit is strained; the whole fabric of mutual toleration may be ripped apart.

The Catholic hierarchy nonetheless appears committed to overturning the Court's 1973 decision, by a 7-2 vote, that "The Fourteenth Amendment's concept of personal liberty and restrictions upon state action" guarantees a privacy right that includes "a woman's decision whether or not to terminate her pregnancy."

The magnitude of the confrontation was symbolized by testimony on Capitol Hill on March 7, 1974 of four cardinals, objecting to the currently guaranteed right of a woman to decide whether or not to have an abortion during the first six months of pregnancy. Never before had so many high-ranking Catholic leaders come before a committee of Congress—John Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia (president of the US Catholic Conference, the official agency of 300 American bishops), Humberto Medeiros of Boston, John Cody of Chicago and Timothy Manning of Los Angeles. Against them are now ranged 21 Protestant and Jewish organizations affiliated with the National Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights, actively working to defeat the constitutional amendment that has been introduced in the Senate by James Buckley, banning all abortions except where the mother's

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life is at stake. The four hearings that have been held thus far by Sen. Bayh's subcommittee on constitutional amendments (devoted largely to the medical aspects of abortion) are only the beginning. Buckley has a long list of witnesses still to be heard, as do his opponents.

The ferocity of the charges made by Catholics against defenders of legal abortions—"murder," "Nazi genocide"—have provoked outrage on the other side. The Right Reverend John H. Burt, Episcopal Bishop of Ohio, has said that "since almost all Protestant and Jewish denominations reject the definition of fetal growth as an actual human person, we naturally resent the inference by one religion that spokesmen of other faiths are supporting 'murder.'"

If the only injury in this war of words were the feelings of the antagonists, the damage would be sufferable. But there are more tangible casualties. In Boston, the chief resident in obstetrics and gynecology at the municipally supported Boston City Hospital has been charged with manslaughter. The doctor, Kenneth Edelin, had been doing most of the abortions at the hospital. He is now under indictment for having caused the death of fetuses between the ages of 18 and 24 weeks. Four other doctors at the hospital have also been charged with a lesser offense: illegal dissection of fetuses. The law here invoked is presumably a mid-19th century Massachusetts statute banning grave-robbing. As a result of the indictments and the political pressures put upon the city council and the hospital board of trustees, all abortions at BCH have been suspended since last February. Those hardest hit are, of course, impoverished women. Civil libertarians and feminist groups are up in arms. A long, legal battle in Boston is in prospect.

As has been pointed out by Lawrence Lader, author of *Abortion* and chairman of the National Abortion Rights Action League, the confrontation nationally "revolves around a religious concept that can never be definitely settled." Catholic prelates claim that the fertilized ovum is an actual human person. The supporters of legal abortion, such as Bishop James Armstrong, president of the board of Church and Society of the United Methodist Church, call this thesis "metaphysical speculation." The Supreme Court itself refused to apply any theory as to "when life begins," stating that "when those trained in the respective disciplines of medicine, philosophy, and theology are unable to arrive at any consensus, the judiciary at this point in the development of man's knowledge is not in a position to speculate as to the answer."

We have no way of knowing how accurately the Catholic hierarchy is reflecting its own membership. Judging from some lay Catholic reaction, it reflects it imperfectly. *Commonweal* magazine has warned that "the anti-abortion cause will become the political tool of the right wing, of those who would resolve complex political problems with instant constitutional amendments." Assoc. Prof. Mary Daly of Boston College predicts that as a consequence of the anti-abortion stand, "women are seeing the [Catholic] church as their enemy." A recent Gallup poll showed 56 percent of Catholics interviewed approving abortion when the woman's health is endangered, according to the National Opinion Research Center. In Maryland 17.6 percent of abortion patients are Catholic. (Catholics comprise 11.2 percent of the state's population.)

The Catholic hierarchy with its allies among some of the more fundamentalist Protestant sects and some orthodox Jews could espouse its beliefs without demanding that others surrender *their* beliefs. "Since Catholics are against abortion and want to help reduce the number of abortions," says the Rev. Gregory Baum, an Augustinian priest, "they should favor the spread of sexual information, the availability of birth control and an enlightened attitude which increases people's sense of responsibility for their own sexual lives." No one should be denied his right to oppose abortion. Those who so believe can campaign from pulpits, debate the issue in school and community centers and on radio, TV and in the press. They can establish groups like "Birth Right," to counsel and aid women who want financial and other resources to continue their pregnancy, and possibly offer their babies for adoption. They can demonstrate in the streets or set up picket lines outside hospitals where legal abortions are performed. But to bind everyone to one rule on abortion would be as presumptuous as it would be for the orthodox rabbinate of the Bronx—a part of New York that is predominately Jewish—to insist that nothing but kosher food be sold in the Bronx. There was an earlier attempt by religious bodies to write their moral code into law, and the results ought to instruct us. The 18th Amendment was largely the product of the Protestant countryside's certainty that its abstemious way of life was the only way for everyone. So liquor moved from the saloon to the speakeasies.

Since a constitutional amendment requires approval by two-thirds of the House and Senate and then approval by three-fourths of the states, anti-abortionists are forcing a struggle that could last for decades and create unprecedented religious antagonisms. If the amendment were passed and abortion outlawed, thousands of women (not the well-to-do) would be driven back to the butchery of criminal abortion, to the back-alley bungling that in earlier years produced most of the emergency cases in hospital departments of obstetrics and gynecology—hardly a moral outcome from any point of view—and we could expect the recent sharp decline in maternal mortality rates to be reversed. The key question has been posed by Robert E. Burns, executive editor of the *US Catholic:* "Does any group have the right to use its political muscle to impose its moral views on other citizens who do not share those views?"

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De-faulting Car Insurance

The Senate took a big step forward May 1 when it approved by a larger margin than expected (53-42) the no-fault automobile insurance bill sponsored by Sens. Frank Moss, Warren Magnuson and Philip Hart. The plan has suffered many revisions and reversals since its first appearance in Congress in 1971, due largely to opposition from the American Trial Lawyers Association, which views no-fault as a threat to its members' livelihood. The Department of Transportation estimated that of the $6.6 billion paid as auto liability insurance premiums in 1970, $1.4 billion went to pay lawyers' fees.

No-fault would alter the insurance system so that blame or negligence would be far less important in determining who does or doesn't get help from an insurance company. Payment would tend to be made more on the basis of need and less on the basis of courtroom skill. Claims would be processed more quickly. Under no-fault every insurance company would reimburse its own policyholders immediately for injuries sustained.

Florida and Massachusetts, two states with strong no-fault laws on the books, report favorable results for the first few years under the new system. Since the Massachusetts law took effect in January 1970, the average premium for minimal auto insurance has dropped 37.5 percent. Since 1972 when Florida's went into effect, insurance rates have dropped, on the average, 26 percent. Two companies in Florida are asking for permission to increase rates again, but not to the level they were before no-fault. No final report has been submitted on court caseloads, but in both states the number of suits filed in lower court have decreased.

The primary criticism of no-fault is that in restricting the right to sue, it lessens the burden of responsibility and may encourage reckless drivers to drive more recklessly. This has never been a very impressive argument, for there's no proof that reckless drivers are intimidated by the prospect of being sued under the present system. Furthermore the Senate's no-fault bill doesn't do away with lawsuits; the injured party could still sue when a driver has caused death, "serious and permanent disfigurement or injury" or more than 90 consecutive days of total disability. In other words lawsuits would continue to be filed in the worst accidents against the worst drivers. The bill also permits lawsuits if the driver of a car is uninsured, if damages are greater than the benefits provided by the insurance, if the accident is caused by improper car design or repair or if the crash is caused intentionally. However the routine, flimsy cases that clog the courts today would be processed without lawyers. The bill's sponsors say that by eliminating emotional jury trials, no-fault would make the insurance company's job of calculating risk much easier. Premium rates, they say, would be raised or lowered more in accordance with driving records rather than the life-style or profession of the driver.

Sen. Roman Hruska, who led the fight against the bill, calls it an unconstitutional attempt to give the federal government more control over insurance, an area strictly within the jurisdiction of the states. But the Senate no-fault bill would *not* extend federal regulation. It *would* require every state to come up with a suitable no-fault plan within four years. It sets minimum requirements the states must meet and describes a model no-fault plan that would be imposed on any state that fails to write a plan of its own. Enforcement and interpretation of the law are left to local authorities. A lawyer familiar with constitutional issues, Nathan Lewin, sees no conflict between this law and the right of state government to regulate insurance. Lewin says, "If Congress can pass a civil rights act because it finds that discrimination in the use of salt and pepper impedes interstate commerce, then certainly it can pass a uniform auto insurance bill. If necessary, Congress could simply make a 'finding' that travel on interstate highways was being discouraged by state differences in insurance."

During the Senate debate, Sen. Frank Moss announced that the trial lawyers had sent 10,000 mailgrams opposing the bill and that "a special no-fault operator has been designated in each of Western Union's three central telephone bureaus to take telephone orders" for anti-no-fault messages. Though it didn't succeed with the Senate, the lobbying blitz may prove more persuasive in the House.

Electric Bills

Electricity used to cost just pennies a day. And now? Electric rate increases granted private utilities last year totaled $1.2 billion, an all-time high. Currently pending are another $1.7 billion in rate hike applications, and no end is in sight. New York's Consolidated Edison, which was awarded a $179 million boost last year (99 percent of what it requested), is back before the New York Public Utilities Commission for $423 million more. Pacific Gas and Electric in California, which gets half of its power from cheap hydro sources, got $232 million in rate increases over the last 12 months and has filed for $158 million more, not counting automatic fuel cost adjustments. The impact on consumers, especially those with all-electric homes, has been devastating. On the average the price of electricity is about 15 percent higher than a year ago; customers' bills have soared to withering heights.

Utilities attribute these unprecedented increases principally to skyrocketing costs of fuels, especially fuel oil and coal; both have nearly tripled in price

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from a year ago, although the average cost to utilities, most of whom have long-term contracts, rose only 20 percent. Most state regulatory agencies permit utilities to pass on higher fuel costs automatically, and they have done it. Fuel costs, however, account for only 25 percent of utility expenses. So a 20 percent rise in fuel costs should mean only a five percent rise in rates.

Another explanation offered by utilities is that rates must go up because consumers are starting to conserve energy. The Catch-22 argument runs like this: since efforts to cut down on electric use would, without rate increases, mean lower revenues, higher rates must be charged to protect profit margins and attract capital. Only a few regulatory commissions have accepted this line of reasoning so far.

Utilities also cite the cost of environmental safeguards, higher interest rates and rising construction costs. The first two are undeniable. What about the third? Do the utilities need as much new construction as they claim? Because regulatory commissions set electric rates on a cost-plus basis, somewhat like Pentagon defense contracts, there's little incentive for cost-cutting on the consumer's behalf or keeping new construction to a minimum. On the contrary, the more plants a private utility builds, the more money it makes. A nationwide transmission grid that would spread peak power loads across time and temperature zones, thereby reducing the need to duplicate peaking power capacity, would diminish the need for new construction.

Investor-owned utilities, or IOUs, as they call themselves, sit between two constituencies with different interests. At one end of the utility are ratepayers; at the other are stock owners and bond holders. The IOUs' first loyalty is to the latter—the people who demand a return on their invested capital. And since all IOUs are local monopolies, they have little difficulty in squeezing ratepayers to reward investors. If more utilities were consumer-owned or publicly owned, the interests of ratepayers would be better protected. For example, private utilities have not protested the surge in fuel costs; they have passed on the increases to ratepayers. By contrast the American Public Power Association, which represents municipally owned utilities, and the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, which represents consumer-owned utilities, have been vigorously fighting the rise in fuel prices. For the past several years they've demanded a government investigation of anti-competitive practices within the energy industry, especially the takeover by oil companies of coal, uranium, shale and geothermal resources.

In addition to antitrust action in the fuels market, the public power lobbies are pushing for a rollback of oil prices, a federal oil and gas corporation, and a national power grid. We would have them all if the IOUs put their political weight behind them, but consumers are not the IOUs' primary concern.

A Reply to Nathan Lewin

Whose Burden?

Judging from the frequency with which black subjects —from political to artistic—receive any attention on your pages, and judging from the frequency with which black viewpoint on any subject, black/white/national/international has appeared within your publication, you do not deem black readership an important part of your support. Nevertheless, judging from the frequency with which you allude to the moral dimensions of various issues and/or the strictly moral considerations of this or that public personality's behavior, you do regard moral responsibility as a valid and preferably operable concept in the conduct of one's affairs: I speak, then, to the moral irresponsibility of your editorial conduct as demonstrated by your choosing to publish Nathan Lewin's piece, "Which Man's Burden?" (May 4, 1974). Given the conceivably devastating, multimillionfold implications of the DeFunis case, and inasmuch as your chosen writer, Lewin himself, elects to reduce the issue substantially to a question of Jewish rights versus black need, it seems altogether indefensible on your part that you have not published *two* statements simultaneously: one black, and one Jewish. Instead you have published a decidedly partisan opinion and response on this unmistakably controversial question, and that opinion has been solicited from someone naturally representing the interests of only one of the allegedly aggrieved interest groups: Jewish interests.

Moreover, Lewin writes under the title you have allowed: "Which Man's Burden?"—which title is unspeakably offensive and, as a matter of fact, even shocking. The title clearly predicates that we, black people, *are* the burden of white men, and that the sole question for consideration is *which* white man's burden. Now if you imagine that such an insolent pair of assumptions coincides with the most entirely sober, contemporary and historic black testimony regarding the burdens of black life enjoined to survive inside a contemptuous and exploitative, hostile, white society, then even your imaginations suffer from extreme mistaking of the facts.

Several declarations contained by Lewin's piece deserve full challenge. I will limit myself, however, to a consideration of only two which finally interlink as a partisan postulation promising enormous, unconscionable harm if not refuted.

Lewin purports to present a summary of "affirmative action" policies: their origins and consequences. At one point, he avows that such programs proved onerous to whites: "There was, however, a disquieting sameness to the groups that were being asked to bear the burden."

1) Is Lewin surprised, does he wish to elicit an ex-

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pression of surprise at the "finding" (actually a Lewin assertion unaccompanied by substantiating, factual data) that those who *have* something will at least resent being asked to share it with those who have been denied the same?

2) What follows from the assertion that the "onus" of black admission where formerly we have been denied, was inequitably distributed among whites? Are benefits/privileges/powers equitably distributed among whites? Why should alleged burdens be any more equitably distributed among whites than benefits? And, if there is a prevailing white American situation of inequities among whites, then who is responsible for that? Is the powerless, allegedly burdensome black man responsible? DeFunis directly addresses the possible or impossible life experience of too many millions of black lives for less than fair discussion.

Elsewhere your spokesman Lewin asserts: "Again, a critical question is: who should pay to correct society's maladjustment. At this point Jewish groups, representing a community that had suffered discrimination and found a refuge in certain professions and in the universities, complained—*with substantial justification*—[my italics] that an excessive share of the costs of repair comes out of the Jewish community."

1) Black people, including black students, have found no "refuge" anywhere here in white America.

2) Lewin inadmissibly licenses himself by taking the DeFunis case, an issue of academic admissions policies in the context of "affirmative action" goals, beyond that context into an aggrieved netherland "policed by federal officials" (!) where blacks rise by stepping on the necks of their Jewish compatriots.

That is a lurid, misleading, inflammatory blow-up of the issue, and a willful mockery of the facts. For example, if we look carefully at the Jewish-black polarization that took place in the light of the New York City public school system, then we see that that crisis did not represent an instance where Jews shared an "excessive" cost of the White Man's Burden. Rather, the crisis made plain a tragic instance where the human and social situation had changed complexion and ethnicity, while the political/powerful factors ruling that situation had *not* changed accordingly. The result was extreme conflict—not burden—but legitimate conflict of interests.

3) But bringing DeFunis back where it belongs, in the center of this discussion: *I request the factual presenting of the "substantial justification" for Jewish "complaint" regarding Jewish presence in law schools across the country versus black: I request a factual, comparative presentation within a given framework of proportional representation for each group, on a national basis.* Afterward, I trust you will forego further racist slur and lamentation.

June Jordan

MS. JORDAN *is a black poet, currently on the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College.*

The Rodino Committee At Work

Across the wide hearing room where the House Judiciary Committee meets, Louis Vance sits in a high chair behind a wooden console, manipulating the switches that supply power to the microphones of the members as they haggle over procedures for the impeachment inquiry of the President. Rep. David W. Dennis, seated on the upper level of a 60-foot dais, pushes a button to his right and a light on the console winks, signaling Vance that the Indiana Republican wishes to speak. Vance lifts the proper toggle, Dennis sees a red light glow on his microphone and turns to the chairman for recognition. Dennis wants the committee to grasp the importance of the decisions they are making as they frame the rules for the inquiry; for example changing "will" to "shall" wherever the words appear in the rule book. He paraphrases Felix Frankfurter: the history of American liberty is largely the history of procedure.

Dennis finishes, Vance kills the power to his microphone and it's someone else's turn. The system is not designed to support simultaneous debate by all 38 members of the committee. If they all attempted to talk at once, each drawing on the power available for them to share, the fuses would blow.

An amendment is pending. Chairman Rodino wants to know how many members wish to be heard. The chair counts 23 hands in the air and rules that each representative may speak for two minutes. Forty-six minutes on the amendment, 20 more amendments to come. The Grand Inquest of the Nation requires brevity, rules, procedures and precedents. His environment has made parliamentary man a different species from bureaucratic man, who is rarely tolerant of the differences. The advocate's brief for Congress says that the very characteristics that appear to be weaknesses in the system are its strengths. The posturing, the backscratching, the compromises serve the purpose of democracy: harmonious co-existence of competing factions through a process of collective decision-making. That brief, as well as the guilt or innocence of President Nixon, is being tested in the impeachment inquiry. That is why one of the more philosophical lawyers on the staff of the committee always felt that James D. St. Clair had to participate in the proceedings. If there is a lawyer in the land clever enough to humiliate and thwart due process in an impeachment inquiry then let that flaw in the system be exposed. It's a tough test for the members of the committee, for this is not a cheap exercise in circus politics. Mr. Nixon termed it "war" even in the earliest stages.

There are 21 Democrats and 17 Republicans on House Judiciary, all lawyers, some away from practice for years. They are now at the stage of evaluating

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evidence gathered during four months of investigation and analysis by their staff of more than 100 attorneys, investigators, technicians, clerks and secretaries—none of whom is permitted to talk to the press. Chief Counsel John M. Doar and Minority Counsel Albert Jenner are parceling out the evidence in terse summary statements. The President's lawyer, Mr. St. Clair, is observing. Each committee member can examine the evidentiary underpinning of the summaries, tape transcripts, actual recordings, grand jury findings, previous congressional testimony and other documentary material. Thereafter the committed may (or may not) call witnesses, and St. Clair may (or may not) ask that witnesses be called. Those are questions not yet decided. Rodino expects hearings will last about six weeks and a vote in committee will come around the fourth of July.

In his efforts to keep the committee from splitting along party lines, Rodino has had tremendous help from Richard Nixon. The President's stonewalling techniques, including his decision last week to deny the committee additional tapes it had requested, leave the Republicans no place to stand but alongside the Democrats. But Rodino, in the chairmanship only 16 months, must also be given credit; he has shown considerable and unexpected political finesse. He has won the complete trust of the committee's ranking Republican, Edward Hutchinson, and most of the Republicans on the panel say privately they share that trust. Rodino tries to accommodate every member of the committee. Before making any important decision, he checks with every Democrat. He has his favorites: Don Edwards of California, among the senior members, Barbara Jordan of Texas among the juniors. But the man he talks to most is the impeachment chief counsel, the tall, painstaking, slow-talking former assistant US attorney general, Mr. Doar, who often works well past midnight and shows up at a morning session looking as if he'd slept in his clothes.

Virtually every night since the inquiry began, Doar at the close of the business day has trudged two blocks from the headquarters of the impeachment staff in the old Congressional Hotel to Rodino's office in the Rayburn Building to brief the chairman on the day's developments and on the decisions ahead. It would be fascinating to read the transcripts of their conversations and compare them with the President's. We can't do that, for Rodino keeps no microphones imbedded in his desk. But, if he delivers on his pledge to conduct as much of the impeachment proceedings in public as decent regard for due process permits, then the American people should be able to see whether there is a difference, and how important it is.

Miles Benson

The writer is a reporter for the Newhouse newspapers who has been covering the Rodino committee.

The Nixon Watch

Tapestries

There I was at the typewriter, trying to muster the courage to confess that I wasn't as outraged by the Nixon transcripts and what they told about the squalid inner atmosphere at the Nixon White House as I should have been and as such wavering apologists for the President as the Republican Senate and House floor leaders, Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania and John Rhodes of Arizona, were saying they were, when the telephone rang. The caller said that White House Counsel J. Fred Buzhardt, who had supervised the preparation of the transcripts and the monitoring of the tapes from which they were taken, was ready to talk about the way the Nixon taping system worked and maybe I should hear the story. Most of the story has been told before, in court and Senate testimony. Very little attention has been paid to it, but that isn't why it is presented at some length here. The reason is that the willingness—indeed the eagerness—of a senior Nixon assistant to spend upwards of an hour detailing the story to a single reporter, at a time when there was much else of much greater importance to talk about, says all there is to say about the apprehension that prevailed at the White House after the edited and truncated transcripts of 46 Nixon conversations were released on April 30.

On the day when I was invited to hear Buzhardt's story, the morning newspapers quoted Sen. Scott's statement that the transcripts depicted the President and some of his closest associates, past and present, in "deplorable, disgusting, shabby, immoral performances." John Rhodes was quoted saying that he wouldn't quarrel with the characterization. The front pages featured an announcement by James D. St. Clair, the President's chief Watergate attorney, that Mr. Nixon had decided not to give any more White House tapes, transcripts and other documents bearing upon the Watergate scandal to the House Judiciary Committee and to Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski. Chairman Peter Rodino said he expected the committee to subpoena the withheld tapes and documents. Jaworski had already subpoenaed many of them. The President appeared to be inviting a constitutional confrontation with both Congress and the courts and to have knowingly increased chances that he will be impeached by the House and tried by the Senate. Sen. Barry Goldwater, whose support the President has hitherto deemed vital to his survival in office, said that he expects Mr. Nixon to resign if he is impeached and so spare the nation what the President himself had termed the "wrenching ordeal" of a Senate trial. This senator's statement came nearer than any previous public event had come to confirming rumors that Goldwater and several other influential Republicans,

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among them former Defense Secretary and White House Counsellor Melvin Laird, were bracing themselves to tell Mr. Nixon to get out for his own, the Republican party's and the country's good.

With news of this kind dominating the headlines and the network broadcasts, Fred Buzhardt and the White House friend who arranged our meeting chose to concentrate upon a secondary matter. This was a suspicion, reflected in some news accounts and pumped up by journalists who increasingly tended to behave as if they imagined themselves to be crosses between Special Prosecutor Jaworski and Jesus Christ, that the Nixon tapes had been tampered with and that hunks of incriminating presidential chatter had been removed from the Watergate transcripts before they were released. Expert opinion to the effect that an 18½ minute gap and buzz on one Nixon tape was caused by manual and presumably deliberate erasure has been delivered to Federal Judge John Sirica. Only a fool bathed in innocence would put fiddling with the record beyond some people in the Nixon crowd, beginning with the President. For two reasons, however, I'll await hard evidence before I either assume or seriously suspect that these transcripts and the tapes from which they were drawn have been messed with. One reason is that 19 of the tapes in discussion, including recordings of eight of the most critical conversations, are in the possession of the House committee staff. Most of them were previously in the Jaworski staff's possession. If anything worse than minor discrepancies between the actual tapes and the released transcripts had been discovered, the fact would have been leaked to the media. There have been indications from the Judiciary Committee staff that some of the many "unintelligibles" and "inaudibles" on the White House transcripts are intelligible and audible when played back on the committee recorders, but not that material omissions or distortions have been detected. The other reason for caution is that the released transcripts are rich in damning language and passages, demonstrating among other things that criminal conduct was discussed in the most sleazy fashion by the President and his intimates. In this sense the published transcripts validate themselves. If the purpose in preparing these transcripts was to protect the President, a lousy job was done.

The reports that bothered Fred Buzhardt had it that the indications in the published transcripts of deletions because words and passages were unintelligible, inaudible or "unrelated to presidential actions" did not explain why the released wordage, enormous though it was, was much less than would normally have been spoken during the 33 hours of logged and taped conversations covered in the documents. Readers on National Public Radio, talking in normal tones at normal speeds, repeated every word of the published conversations in 22 hours. One of the troubling reports was that gaps of total silence occurred on the White House tapes. The implication was that the gaps had been caused by deliberate erasure before the tapes were transcribed by a team of White House secretaries.

In order to appreciate Buzhardt's way of dealing with these reports, you have to recall the known history and nature of the Nixon taping system. Alexander Butterfield, a former White House assistant, revealed its existence to the Senate Watergate committee last July 16. He said that conversations in Mr. Nixon's Oval Office and the Cabinet Room in the White House, in the President's alternate office in the adjoining Executive Office Building, and on four telephones used by Mr. Nixon had been recorded on a central taping system since "approximately the summer of 1970." Buzhardt in a letter to the committee dated the taping from "the spring of 1971." Twice in late 1973 the President agreed with Butterfield that it began in 1970. The timing, never satisfactorily resolved, is important because recordings of conversations before "the spring of 1971" might illuminate the President's role in such controversial episodes as the decision to increase the levels of price support for milk after officials of dairy cooperatives promised to contribute two million dollars to the 1972 reelection campaign. Perhaps only because I failed to ask him about it, Buzhardt didn't address himself to the timing when we talked. His interest was in demonstrating that the seeming gaps in the tapes and the holes in the transcripts, many of which appear at points where obfuscation helps the Nixon cause, are due entirely to the taping system and not to the tapers. First he summarized the bare and familiar basics of the system: a battery of Sony recorders kept in a locked and guarded basement room; power switches on the recorders tied in to the locator switches that Secret Service agents pressed whenever the President entered his Oval Office or his EOB office; and sound-activated switches that set the tape reels turning whenever voice or other sound entered the input lines. Here, condensed and tidied for clarity but not altered in essence, is the core of Buzhardt's case in Buzhardt's words:

"The recorder used throughout this system was a relatively stable, low-quality recorder—reel type. In order to get as much as possible on one reel and lower the load on the people who had to change the reels, the recorders were always set at the lowest possible recording speed, which gives you the lowest fidelity—15/16ths of one revolution per minute, I think it was. The system was set up so that there were a number of lapel-type mikes, spaced around the Oval Office and the EOB office. All of these were fed into a single input and recorded on a single track. There was a separate input to a separate track on recorders hooked to the telephones. All of the recorders had a switch that was geared to an audio input signal, so there had to be some sound coming into the system to make it start recording. Now there was another facet to this thing:

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hooked into the system was something called an automatic gain control on each of the recorders. That is a device that varies the impedance, I think it is, on the input line. In other words, the gain control compensated according to the volume of sound. If you had a conversation going that put a substantial sound into the system, the gain control would be down at a minimum level where you get the best fidelity. If the volume of the sound coming in was low, the gain control would step up the amplification on the input line and that would cause distortion.

Now, let's say the President goes into the anteroom of his EOB office. A Secret Service agent pushes the locator button and that turns on the power to the recorder. The President walks across the anteroom and opens the door to his office. The sound of the door opening and the sound of walking start the recorder recording. He walks across the room and even with the carpet on the floor you get squeaks on the tape. There's enough noise to actuate the machine but unless somebody is with him that he's talking to, it's a minimum type of noise and you have the tape running with nothing recorded except background noise. If that noise is very low, it can put a segment on the tape that may seem like silence but really isn't. Somebody may come in, speak to the President in a firm voice, and the gain control goes down and the fidelity is good. Then the voices drop off, the amplification goes up, there is distortion. Or maybe all the talking stops, there is silence, the reel stops turning. Then the talking starts up again and the reel starts again but there is a delay of a second or two in the recording, and you get a swurping sound instead of the first two or three syllables. You have this array of microphones leading into a single input to a single track. Two people speak at once and although their words might only partially overlap, you get a combination sound that is simply unintelligible and you have another place where you just cannot discern what was said. Bass voices at low frequencies record poorly. Voices at higher frequencies record well. John Dean's voice was relatively high, flat, not much fluctuation. It recorded very well. Ron Ziegler speaks softly in a bass voice and you pick up a word here and there. Ehrlichman's voice had a great deal of range in it, from low to high and down again, and when he was with several people you had real problems. You have to pick out words that identify the speaker—Ehrlichman says "now" in a way that nobody else says it, and that is a help.

There was more of the same, in support of the contention that electronic and audio vagaries rather than villainy gave rise to the doubts. All I'm certain of is that Buzhardt left me believing that he believed what he had been saying in defense of his President.

John Osborne

Contending with Change

Thai Students

by Richard Critchfield

Bangkok

Six months after overthrowing 21 years of military rule and justly claiming the world's greatest victory for student power, Thailand's university students are discovering why their country is not going to become a fully democratic country overnight. No one, not even the students themselves, is prepared to accept the radical transformation of Thailand's social structures any truly open system would require.

These are almost unique in Southeast Asia. Fortunate in its rice-based agricultural prosperity and its long history of political independence, Thailand is one of the few places left where the ancient idea of a natural hierarchy in human affairs has been barely touched by Western liberalism or the brands of communism preached by China or North Vietnam. Together with the monarchy, Buddhism sustains the ordinary Thai and the accepted order of things has always been the structure of king, bureaucracy, schools and family, which swoops gracefully up to the top like one of the Buddhist stupas that speckle Bangkok's skyline.

Today a country of 40 million people, it is still ruled by a small upper and middle class Bangkok circle of

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royalty, business and professional men, bureaucrats and senior military officers, who with their families probably number no more than 400,000 people, or about one percent of the entire population. Less than 50,000 youths are enrolled in Thailand's eight universities, only one out of four applicants are admitted and high fees—it costs between $800 to $1500 a year—ensure higher education is restricted to the upper middle classes. Since a college degree is the only ticket into the upper echelons of the bureaucracy, this has acted to preserve a self-perpetuating elite.

For this reason education has always been the front edge of social change in Thailand. Thammasat University, the second oldest in the country, was opened only in response to Thailand's 1932 revolution, which established a constitutional monarchy. The creation of Ramkamhaeng University three years ago was an act of defiance against the now deposed regime of Field Marshal Thanom Kittakachorn, during a brief experiment with democratic processes. More than 35,000 students rushed to enroll at Ramkamhaeng, supposedly a "free" university with no admission requirements, but all but 5000 soon dropped out because they could not pay the fees.

Recently Bangkok's vocational students, mostly poorer youths learning to be auto mechanics, skilled construction workers and machinery operators, began agitating for college-equivalent degrees, on which starting pay and status depend. Once last fall's anti-government demonstrations broke out from the campus gates and into Bangkok's streets, power quickly shifted to these youths who, unlike the students, voiced economic grievances. They are the ones to watch in Thailand.

Otherwise all that has happened since Thanom, his son and an over-rich deputy who headed both the army and the police, Praphas Charusathien, were thrown out last October is a more open debate within the ruling circle and the beginnings of a process of social mobility for a few of the have-nots, such as the vocational students.

A democratic constitution is in the making, although nobody is yet certain what kind of government Thailand wants, and there will be national elections, probably in December when the coming rainy season ends. Meanwhile younger emerging politicians in the 299-member constituent assembly despair of building a grass-roots political base in a society with so few vertical links. There is great and growing disparity between the richest 15 percent of Bangkok's people who successfully pursue the consumer society and the rest of the city's population, and between everyone in Bangkok and rural Thailand, where the per capita GNP is only $200 a year. Soldiers and bureaucrats openly predict elected peasant representatives will be so easily bribed the new parliament will bog down in corruption. And a great many ordinary Thais express an almost urgent psychological need to return to the old stability.

The students do not know what to do. As it is they have a strong stake in the existing system and any widening of education lessens their own chances of good jobs and high status. But with a 3.3 percent population growth rate and predictions the population will double in the next 21 years, they also realize the old system somehow must be changed. This leads to frustration.

This frustration is reflected in the older generation. Chira Skornpan, one of Thailand's most eminent women social workers, says, "The students themselves cannot define what they are looking for. They cram their minds with a few books by Europeans or Americans but none of it is suited to Thai culture. So they end up with slogans like 'democracy' or 'socialism' without any relevance to our society. I try to get my students to realize that ordinary people, hungry people, want rice, shelter, jobs and any system as long as it fills their stomachs. We want them to get out in the slums and the villages."

The students want this too. The National Student Center of Thailand (NSCT), which was only formed in 1972 and united all the university students in the demonstrations that brought down the generals, now has focused on a preelection campaign of "democracy teaching" to the Thai peasantry. At first, launching out on their own, the students flopped. They got no further than a few big towns, took to soapboxes to denounce local officials for corruption on information hastily gleaned in coffeehouses and tried to speak in abstract terms about democracy. Provincial audiences gathered but instead wanted to hear every gory detail, every thud and crash, of how mere students bested the generals. Once they did, crowds faded away. Worse, the students discovered that in upland Thailand their long hair was considered the traditional sign of lunacy. Chastened and shorn, the NSCT appealed to older generation academics and bureaucrats who eagerly responded and now, supported by an $800,000 budget, the NSCT has sent 500 specially trained teams out to live in villages for 30-day periods, including some threatened by local Communist-led insurgents.

Radicals have criticized this as a sell-out to the establishment. But one splinter group, the Federation

COMING: a report on
the emerging power
of Henry Jackson
by Stanley Karnow

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of Independent Students of Thailand (FIST), came on strong with a lively radical vision of what the country should be, then took fright when it was accused of pro-communism, pulled in its horns and lost its appeal. A third group, People for Democracy, mostly recent graduates who no longer qualify as students, demonstrated against the seven American military bases still in Thailand but were attacked by local taxi drivers and bar girls, already losing income from a drawdown in US forces by 10,000 to 35,000 with another 10,000 set to go by the end of 1974.

Nor did an attempt to emulate the US student anti-war movement succeed. A popular former NSCT president, Tirayudh Boonmee, first went across the Mekong to speak with the Pathet Lao. Then he brought to Bangkok 60 inhabitants of Bang Na Sai village from insurgency wracked northeast Thailand. At a big public meeting in a downtown Bangkok park the villagers rose one by one to accuse the Thai army of burning down their village and killing innocent victims. The soldiers responded predictably that Bang Na Sai was a heavily fortified insurgent stronghold and that the victims were caught in a crossfire. It all sounded drearily familiar until the soldiers warned that if the military was treated as guilty, Thailand would be hard put to find anyone willing to fight the Communist-led rebels. With the fighting only 300 miles away nobody wanted another My Lai and interest faded away.

Some of the student leaders have been criticized for getting involved with the old Thanom political machine, still intact and said to have been inherited by Defense Minister Dawee Chullasapya, a former air force chief, and a former police chief, Prasert Ruchirawong. Dawee, one of the names tossed around as the next elected head of government, has been to Peking and identified himself with efforts to reach diplomatic accommodation with China. This has not gone down well with the Thai army, which is engaged in countering three Peking-supported insurgencies at the far edges of Thailand; most senior military men would like China to withdraw its help to the Thai rebels as the price of friendly relations.

Problems that won the students popular support have grown much worse since October. A 20 percent inflation rate is no worse than elsewhere in Southeast Asia this year, but coming after an average rise of two percent a year between 1962 and 1970, it seems worse. Thailand has felt a comparatively mild energy shock; imports of $2.1 billion over exports of $1.6 billion may result in a $500 million trade gap—slightly more than the higher cost of Arab oil—but this can be covered by more than one billion dollars in foreign exchange reserves. Unlike its neighbors, Thailand will not have to borrow. The major economic fear is that tremendous pressure for Thai rice will drive up domestic prices; but with a good January harvest of 8.5 million tons and 1.5 to two million tons available for export, the panic, shortages and runaway prices of last fall can probably be avoided.

There is strong nostalgia in Bangkok, as elsewhere, for the relaxed, humorous and benign flavor of the capital just a generation ago. The old Bangkok was only one-third the size and revolved almost entirely around klongs (canals) and wats (temples). Now these are mostly paved over or hidden away by treeless avenues of drab modern shops and offices. To a foreigner caught in the disorienting, patternless confusion of Bangkok's faceless streets, heavy grinding traffic, exhaust fumes and soggy polluted air, Bangkok becomes a sticky, steamy urban sprawl without a center, shapeless, flaccid, frustrating and not very safe. The old "Water-Flower Village," from which Bangkok gets its name, exists along the Chao Phraya River and some still remaining canals, but it takes some finding.

Whether true or not, many Thais believe Bangkok has the world's second highest homicide rate (after Beirut), and the city is certainly plagued by a sharp rise in *kamoys*, or gangs of alienated slum youths armed with guns and knives who raid a house, invade even the bedrooms, do not care if they inflict bodily harm and display utter contempt for traditional Thai values. Slum residents claim it is among these totally nonideological youths that what Communist agents there are, are drawing their recruits. Bangkok is currently shocked by a new film, *Angel*, produced by one of the royal princes, which portrays Thai prostitution with such brutal realism—the girls are viciously beaten on-screen—that audiences have to look away; the movie is said to be accurate. Slum "protection" gangs, heroin addiction, kidnappings, street muggings and lurid slayings—most recently of a young American journalist, Claudia Ross, who was stabbed to death in her bedroom by a thief—have all grown alarmingly in recent months.

Most great cities have a soul but Bangkok is the only one to put its on public display. It inhabits a carved wooden pillar at a modest shrine called Lak Muang, not far from the Grand Palace of the Thai kings. It is considered a lucky place and here, day in and day out, hundreds of Bangkok's people buy lottery tickets or merit by releasing captive sparrows. Some stand around watching elderly dancing girls enact the city's legendary history; others make humble offerings of eggs, flowers or rose petals. It was here, when Bangkok was founded as Thailand's capital amid war and bloodshed in the 18th century, that the royal soothsayer declared the country would never again be subjected to foreign rule and that its political leaders, under the spiritual guidance of the Thai kings, would always be drawn from the army.

A charming legend perhaps, but to hear all the political speculation in Bangkok these days, even among the students themselves, the prophecy might not have been uttered 200 years ago but yesterday.

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What Difference Does Ownership Make?

Quality News

by Walter Pincus

The Justice Department on May 2 picked a media monopoly in Topeka, Kansas as the latest target in its six-year-old but newly revitalized campaign to break up newspaper-broadcasting combinations that operate in a single city. In asking the Federal Communications Commission to deny a license renewal to Topeka's WIBW-TV and WIBW-AM-FM radio stations, Justice attorneys said renewal for three more years would "perpetuate the extremely high degree of concentration in the dissemination of local news and advertising that now exists in Topeka." They pointed out that Stauffer Publications, which owns the three broadcasting stations, also owns Topeka's only morning, evening and Sunday newspapers, and that WIBW-TV was the city's only local commercial VHF channel (there is an educational VHF and a five-year-old commercial UHF station). WIBW radio, the brief noted, was Topeka's "highest powered, full-time AM station." The Justice brief estimated that Stauffer carried "more than 85 percent of the local advertising business in the Topeka area," a fact that it concluded was "plainly good enough to make a *prima facie* showing that Stauffer possesses a monopoly of the media of mass communications in Topeka."

In the past six months Justice has filed similar petitions with the FCC, seeking to break up newspaper-broadcasting combinations in cities bigger than Topeka —Milwaukee, St. Louis, Des Moines and Minneapolis. In each instance, though the brunt of the legal argument and the statistics presented dealt with the anti-trust aspects of advertising control, the implication was clear that advertising domination also meant domination of the news and that such control was not in the public interest.

Eventually as the time for broadcast license renewal comes up, Justice is expected to file more petitions concerning newspaper-broadcasting crossownerships in Washington, DC, Philadelphia, Dallas, Atlanta and San Francisco. Though a major reorganization of the news business must be contemplated—in the face of Justice's actions—there has been almost no public reporting or discussion of this prospect in the newspapers or over the stations of companies most directly affected. Crossownership is, however, a hot issue in the privacy of the executive suites of those same newspaper and broadcasting corporations and within their respective trade organizations.

The week before the latest Justice filing, I spent several days in Topeka trying to measure from a journalist's point of view, what impact the Stauffer media monopoly had on Topeka news coverage. Earlier I had visited Cheyenne, Wyoming, where three years ago, under pressure from Justice, the FCC supervised the sale of the Cheyenne television station by the company that also owned the city's morning-evening newspapers, AM-FM radio stations and cable television franchise. Cheyenne has been cited by proponents of divestiture as the landmark media monopoly case. It was the city where back in 1968, Justice first raised the question of monopoly control of advertising based on multimedia holdings. And Cheyenne has been the only city so far where an owner responded eventually by getting rid of a TV station.

Stauffer Publications controls many more newspaper and broadcasting properties than those in Topeka and it is out buying more. As of the end of last year, the company had five other Kansas papers and 10 more in surrounding states. In addition it owned television and radio stations in Amarillo, Texas, a radio station in Oklahoma and one in Kansas. This year Stauffer is selling its station in Amarillo but is buying two additional radio properties. Why all the buying and selling? To make money. Between 1969 and 1973, when many newspaper-broadcasting companies felt the squeeze of recession, Stauffer continued to grow. During those five years its earning rose almost 30 percent and dividends climbed by 25 cents a share.

Kansas has some respected journalistic traditions, exemplified by the career of William Allen White. White's newspaper, the *Emporia Gazette*, campaigned against railroads, big banks, big oil companies, the Klan. It was a crusading paper. The paper carried the message out front, and White himself was an active participant and manipulator within the Republican party at both the state and national levels. Oscar Stauffer, the man who put Stauffer Publications together, bought the Topeka television station and morning newspaper in 1957 from the estate of Arthur Capper, a former Kansas governor and later US senator, who had used his paper to help push his political views.

Stauffer, however, had a different view of the news business. He is now 87 years old, still active in the running of the company, and though he started as a reporter on White's *Gazette*, he has seen journalism primarily as a money-making venture, not as a vehicle for reform or political advancement. That view is re-

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flected today in the way his Topeka properties are run.

Staff members of the Topeka newspapers cannot recall a "crusade" in recent years other than promotions for charities. Investigative reporting is not encouraged, and sometimes discouraged. One reporter covers the entire Kansas state government for both newspapers. The same is true for all the major county and city beats, such as the courthouse and city hall. When a campaign fund kickback scandal was disclosed recently, involving the brother of Kansas Gov. Robert Docking, the newspapers asked the beat reporters to dig up what they could, but no one was assigned to work entirely on past campaign fund practices, or to devote himself full time to a search for new leads.

The Stauffer interest shows itself differently when it comes to reporting Topeka city news. The Stauffers have been active city boosters. Oscar's son Stanley, now president of the company, sits on the board of directors of the First National Bank of Topeka. Stories critical of the city and its future have a hard time getting into print. A troublesome urban renewal project in which the First National Bank has a financial interest has been given kid gloves treatment by the newspaper. When the city government was first approached about giving out a cable television franchise, the Stauffer participation in one CATV company was initially hidden and only disclosed publicly when one of the city's other radio stations broke the story. Stauffer thereafter withdrew. When campaign contributions to city commissioners from one cable TV company seeking the franchise turned up—checks which passed through the First National Bank—the story was held back by the newspaper until it broke on a radio station. The CATV franchise was finally awarded in 1971. The general counsel for Stauffer turns out to be a stockholder and principal figure in the winning company.

The Topeka television station was deeply in debt and running way behind the two Kansas City stations in viewers when it was purchased in 1957 by Stauffer. A decision was made to emphasize local coverage and personalities so as to attract a larger audience in the city. As the Justice brief points out, the decision was financially wise. Stauffer-owned WIBW-TV now has 44 percent of the prime-time viewing audience in its area; the local UHF station has 20 percent and the two Kansas City stations share almost all the remaining 36 percent with the local education station. When it comes to local news shows, the Stauffer station lead is even greater: 63 percent of the audience to 13 percent for its UHF competitor.

WIBW-TV's news dominance derives in part from its special advantage within a larger communications complex. Kept strictly separate from the news operation of the newspapers—to avoid the appearance of monopoly—the station news personnel work for both the radio and television outlets. The stations have a statehouse reporter and a county staff paralleling the newspapers. They also have three farm reporters and two sports reporters. Most important, the TV station has three sound cameras and a truck that allow it to make remote broadcasts.

What's it like to compete with Stauffer? The only people who do that are KTSB-TV, a relatively new UHF station, and a handful of Topeka radio stations most of which stick to music formats with "rip and read" news programming. With only three newsmen and one sound camera, the UHF station has its hands full. Many news sources deal only with the Stauffer outlets. But the UHF station and the other radio stations have unusual allies. On occasion reporters from the Stauffer newspapers give them carbons of stories they have written but can't get published. This happened some years ago when a white vigilante group began to patrol black ghetto areas and the papers, fearful of heightening tensions, would not print the story.

The Topeka populace is aware of the Stauffer dominance and mostly apathetic about it. Kansas these days is not a hotbed of reform. But beneath that apathy is a distrust of things the newspaper promotes. For example one man successfully ran for mayor several years back by attacking the papers. The papers' support for a city manager form of government has, it is believed, contributed to the three losses that proposition has had at the polls. "People don't trust the papers because they know they're the only ones," said one Topeka politician.

Staff members recognize the limitations under which they operate at Stauffer's newspaper and broadcast stations. "The monopoly discourages reporting," one newsman says. There are several cases where reporters have quit after being discouraged from venturing into controversial areas. Some good reporters stay on. "It's a reservoir of information for Topeka," one says, while acknowledging that Stauffer has "damn little public service motivation." A politician who fights the Stauffer interests thinks that "the working news people are more liberal than the owners," which is what keeps the general news reporting in balance.

Would forced divestiture by Stauffer of the television station change things? At the competing UHF station, it's believed that the competitive news situation would improve no matter who the new owner was. A long-time Stauffer reporter says that "if a hell-raiser came in"—whether in any station news department or in the Stauffer paper itself—there would be a change for the better. "There is considerable pride" among the journalists in town, he says, "and they would follow along" if a new, more aggressive kind of news gathering took hold. The head of a competing radio station tells a slightly different story: "There is no guarantee things would be better. It would all depend on who is on the other channel. They do a better job now [than the UHF] because of the size of [the Stauffer] company."

The Cheyenne experience bears out that judgment. Size and owner attitude play a key role in what a news

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organization can do. Cheyenne, though the state capital, has a population of only 40,000. When the newspaper company owned the television station there were only three persons in the TV news department. The station's only sound camera was the property of the sales department; it was used to make commercials. Only when there was no such commercial demand, were the camera and recording equipment available for news coverage. The situation at the newspaper was and is not much better. Combined, the morning and evening papers have about 20,000 readers. Unlike Topeka, there are two separate news staffs—but that means only three reporters per paper, including the two editors. With that size staff, it is hard to think of covering the news in any kind of depth—and neither the newspapers nor the broadcasting stations do.

Established by Tracy McCraken, a well known Democrat in a Republican state, the Cheyenne media monopoly has been politically cautious. A Republican is editor of the evening *Wyoming State Tribune*, a Democrat edits the morning *Wyoming Eagle*. Since the morning paper staff works from two in the afternoon to 11 at night, they can hardly cover the state government, where the offices open early in the morning and close at five pm. The editor of the evening paper doubles as statehouse correspondent. Since he is a Republican, news releases from the Republican controlled statehouse and from Republican politicians come in the morning—so that they will make the afternoon paper. "No one questions what goes on in state government," a Cheyenne lawyer says in discussing the local newspapers. Staff salaries—about $100 a week for experienced reporters—keep ambitious young journalists from staying around long.

Robert McCraken, son of the founder and now president of Cheyenne Newspapers maintains that the lack of aggressive newspapering is because "the best investigative reporter would run out of stories in a small town." He would if he waited for them to hit him over the head. But if he goes looking for them, he'd probably find a story or two in a state where mining, banking, livestock and wool interests hold sway.

The Cheyenne divestiture came about when the company filed for the franchise to run the local cable television. Its application was opposed by the Casper, Wyoming television station. At about the same time, a complaint was filed with the Justice Department citing the Cheyenne media monopoly. After two years of motions and two more of negotiations, the McCrakens were told it would cost some $100,000 in legal fees to continue the fight. They decided to hold onto the CATV franchise and the radio stations and sell the television station and some satellite ones in neighboring towns. The buyer was a small chain broadcaster, Lamb Communications, based in Erie, Pennsylvania. Lamb brought in its own manager, increased the station's news staff from three to five, sent a man to cinematography school and turned over the sound camera to the news department, reserving for the sales department some time for commercials.

Almost everyone I talked to agreed with a Cheyenne lawyer: "As far as the public can tell, things have not changed a bit," he said. The television newsmen struggle to cover daily events that can be filmed; there is no leftover time for enterprise. Money is tight and small stations are tempted to cover commercial events, such as trade shows, as part of their news activities. A newly added noontime news show often goes on with film shot and shown the night before. To the newsmen involved there is one small difference: in the old days they almost never used color; the old general manager did not like it. Now they shoot color and use almost six times more footage than before.

The radio station, which remained with the newspaper company, was forced to hire one full-time newsman. It had none before; the announcers used the TV copy. For the newspapers there has been no change.

To be fair, it should be noted that proximity to Denver has had an impact on the Cheyenne media's performance. Some 5000 Denver *Posts* are circulated in Cheyenne, and Denver TV is seen on its receivers. Denver newspapers and television stations put more newsmen into Wyoming than the locals can.

The situation in Cheyenne does not suggest that at the small station level divestiture is any guarantee of better public service. However the media situation in Casper, Wyoming offers an interesting comparison. In that city two aggressive, opinionated men run the competing newspaper and television stations. Their clash has resulted in the Casper newspaper's having two full-time reporters in the state capital in Cheyenne—more than the Cheyenne paper does itself. The Casper TV station until recently had its own full-time correspondent at the capitol. The generally higher quality of the Casper media is credited to the personalities and ambitions of the individuals at the top.

So what's the moral of the story? The quality of news coverage has little to do with government agencies or the court. As Cheyenne proves, size makes a difference. As Casper and Topeka show, owner attitude also plays a major role. Divestiture as promoted by the Justice Department will not in itself assure a better served public. The long-term health of the media is less endangered by media monopolies than by corporations built upon chain newspaper and broadcasting holdings whose interest in journalism is solely financial. No government intervention will produce station licensees who can be relied upon, in the words of Joseph Pulitzer, to "fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties. . . ." If the Justice Department forces divestitures, chances are the separated stations would be picked up by the very chain operators who today are draining the vitality out of the probing journalism democracy desperately needs.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Jumpers

(Billy Rose)

The curtain rises, and the heart sinks. On stage is a huge mirror reflecting the audience. Thus *Jumpers* begins, with a metaphor not only superficial but stale—Harold Prince used it twice in the last decade, in *Cabaret* and *The Visit*. Then we get a long splash of vaudeville. A master of ceremonies comes out and introduces a woman who appears in cabaret costume to sing and who muddles the words. (*"Achtung!"* says our already wary mind. "This is a dream.") Out comes a troupe of acrobats, introduced as the "Radical Liberal Jumpers." (Ho *ho!*) Then comes an "iron-jaw" act, a girl hanging by her teeth from a swinging trapeze, shedding her costume as she swings. Then more muddled singing by the first woman, then the jumpers come back and perform at length—so long that even their obvious function as symbol disappears while we concentrate on their act as act. They form a pyramid, a shot rings out, and the top man falls; the lights fade and come up in the fancy boudoir of the singer who is in fact a professor's wife and who has indeed been dreaming all the above. Except that—and here our metaphysics begins to strain at the leash—the murdered jumper is in her boudoir.

Tom Stoppard, the Englishman who wrote this play, is the author of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, which was hailed for its novelty and its existential explorations. The latter seemed to me even more tenuous than its novelty: W. S. Gilbert wrote a *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* in 1891. Stoppard's *R&G* was only a bright undergraduate's one-act prank waffled out to three acts. Then we got a bill of his one-act plays *The Real Inspector Hound* and *After Magritte*, which showed the undergraduate being less bright, merely facetious. In 1972 we read about Stoppard's new play, *Jumpers*, produced at the (British) National Theater and hailed as a work of philosophical richness and wit.

Sorry. *Jumpers*, in proof, is a work of copious philosophical *allusion*, written in that rhetorically ornate style brandished by the dramatist who has more wish than need to write and who takes the offensive stylistically in order to cow us. (Latter-day Albee is another example.) But Stoppard slides even further. He tries to fob off one more example of a stage-worn shallow genre: the play in which the author shows he has cosmic itches and tries to scratch them with a mixture of facile intellectual rotundities and self-conscious theater mystique. Examples: Philip Barry's *Here Come the Clowns*, Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*, Max Frisch's *The Chinese Wall*.

Stoppard attempts a triple counterpoint between his vaudeville, a murder-mystery farce, and an intellectual comedy. A professor of moral philosophy (Brian Bedford) is in his study trying to dictate a lecture on God's existence to his secretary, while his wife (Jill Clayburgh) in her boudoir is frantically trying to get rid of a body while dallying with her psychiatrist lover who is also a philosophy don and her husband's boss. The corpse is clothed in one of the tumbler costumes; the husband's secretary is the "iron-jaw" stripper, now clothed and wigged. This braiding of vaudeville-farce-cogitations is supposed to stun us into perception of the relation of one to the other: the acrobats as visual equivalent of moral flip-flop, the murder-farce and sexual innuendo as gloss on the professor's moral speculations and vice versa. Not one shadow of a hair of such relation or supportive resonance is established. The elements are merely juxtaposed, that is all; and the mere juxtaposition is itself supposed to create weight—more, to bully us into fear of doubting that weight. Some physical connections (the corpse's tumbler costume, the stripper-secretary) are made; but there is no thematic resonance whatsoever between the scurrying antics in the boudoir and the intellectual meanderings in the study. And those meanderings end with the usual bland cop-out in this kind of purportedly probing work. It turns its back on query after the appropriate two-and-a-half hours, and accepts the universe so that we can all go home. From the closing speech: "Do not despair—many are happy much of the time . . . No laughter is sad and many tears are joyful."

I won't dwell on the triteness of the characters: the bumbling pedantic older husband, the frustrated wife who used to be on the stage, the smoothie lover, the comic detective, the humble houseman who turns out to be a juggler of philosophic jargon himself. The last is rather like the housemaid in Muriel Spark's comedy *Doctors of Philosophy*, produced in London 1962, published here by Knopf 1966—a play similar in tone to *Jumpers*, though not in plot, with dialogue more wittily polished.

Stoppard's dialogue has some sheen and a degree of donnish wit, but it is less amusing than Spark's and much less surgical than Simon Gray's in *Butley*, another play about English faculty people. While the professor is dictating, his wife, trying to get attention, screams from the bedroom: "Murder—Rape—Wolves!" He goes to his study door and shouts: "Dorothy, I will not have my work interrupted by these gratuitous acts of lupine delinquency!" Then, returning to his God lecture, he dictates: "My method of inquiry this evening into certain aspects of this hardy perennial may strike some of you as overly engaging, but experience has taught me that to attempt to sustain the attention of rival schools of academics by argument alone is tantamount to constructing a Gothic arch out of junket." In content the line is Stoppard's coy comment on his own method. In style the deliberate circumlocution, lolloping along to a point of heavy comic contrast, is the fake mandarinese of decadent Albee. If you throw in references to Bertrand Russell and such freshman chestnuts as Zeno's paradox of motion, you reduce the starved theater audience to quivering cries of

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Badlands. Young "innocent" murderers in the '50s. Thematically hollow, excellently done.

The Conversation. Electronic bugger gets involved in the results of his work. Some vacancies but authentic and finely made.

The Exorcist. Fiendishly ugly, fiendishly clever.

The Last Detail. Jack Nicholson hot in a cool parable of the peacetime navy.

SK

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Society and the State

Decline or Renewal? France since the 1930s by Stanley Hoffmann

(Viking; $12.95)

The Third Republic—proclaimed in 1870, destroyed in 1940—remains the longest-lived regime in modern French history. A decade ago Stanley Hoffmann published an essay that explained why it lasted so long. This essay became one of the most influential articles on modern France published in this century. Hoffmann's ideas even turned up in a prime minister's speech to the National Assembly . . . without attribution.

More than one scholar has written a memorable essay and then spent the rest of his career trying to think of something else to say. But Hoffmann is prolific. Here he has arranged essays written over the last 18 years under four themes: the war years, the internal transformation of French society, the role of France in the world and the life and career of Charles de Gaulle. Many of the previously published pieces have been revised so substantially as to constitute new work; each is an approach to the question of what has been happening to France since the 1930s.

The 1930s marked the breakdown of the "republican synthesis," Hoffmann's term for the close fit that had existed between the political system of the Third Republic and French society. The basis of this cozy if confining arrangement was the "stalemate society": a limited state, an incompletely industrialized economy, a hierarchical but atomized social system, a system of values that mingled feudal attitudes with the militant rationalism of the Enlightenment. The stalemate society acted as a powerful brake on change.

Nearly all of Hoffmann's work elaborates the proposition that "for centuries, the drama of France as a political community has been a drama about the relations between society and the state." The main connecting link in these relations has been the French style of authority, a concept Hoffmann borrows from the sociologist Michel Crozier. The French, Crozier argues, have a horror of "face-to-face" relations. Thus they look to higher authority to resolve disputes among equals. But higher-ups may intervene downward only according to well established rules. Restraints on those in positions of command—heads of families, heads of bureaucracies, heads of state—afford the individual much greater room for protest than would an authoritarian system, and more autonomy than a more democratic system, in which one would have to accept more responsibility.

Long historical experience taught the French the need for authority and made them fear it. Authority protected them from each other, and this seemed especially necessary in the aftermath of the Revolution; in a divided society, however, authority also tended to be the main source of change, and was therefore to be suspected and resisted. All this makes one think of the archetypal Frenchman as an anarchist who secretly admires the police.

Change in France has tended to come about at the cost of spectacular crises, as Hoffmann makes plain in the essay on "heroic leadership,"—at bottom a mechanism for effecting change. The "heroic leader," for all his denunciation of things as they are, is nevertheless in complicity with the system. He plays outside the regular rules, but he nevertheless plays by rules. No one had a better intuitive grasp of the requirements and opportunities of heroic leadership than Charles de Gaulle. When he came to power in 1958, for example, de Gaulle was able to make the French swallow constitutional reforms more sweeping than any they had experienced in a century, and to impose an Algerian settlement that would have driven from office any leader of the Fourth Republic.

Hoffmann has written some of the best essays on de Gaulle available in any language. No one is an abler defender of the central figure in the history of France in this century. His de Gaulle is a political genius whose purpose, pursued with astonishing resourcefulness and tenacity, was to restore independence to France and self-respect to the French. Hoffmann concedes that de Gaulle left his job unfinished—with modernization uncompleted and France's fate as a middle-size power uncertain—but he has no doubt of his place in history: "His is the greatness of having left France greater than he found her, and of all his life having produced extraordinary results from mediocre resources."

De Gaulle's maverick campaign for military reform came in the 1930s, just as the republican synthesis was overwhelmed by domestic opponents and by the encroachment of a revolutionary international politics on internal policy. Vichy represented in part the revenge of the enemies of the stalemate society, in part its last gasp. Since 1945 industrialization has nearly completed the work of demolition that other forces had set in motion.

The politicians of the Third Republic had a habit of looking back to precedents from the French Revolution, as if a stroll through a museum would tell them how to meet the challenges of their own times. The changes of the last quarter century have transformed France beyond their wildest dreams—or fears. The French have shucked off most of the restraints of the stalemate society and France, as de Gaulle wished, has "married the century."

But the pace of social change has run far ahead of changes in values. Preserved and transmitted by such key institutions as the family, the school and the administrative apparatus of the state, the style of authority that took shape in France's preindustrial past persists. The Events of May 1968, a revolt against the principle of authority itself, made this dramatically apparent. Rebels protested in ways the style of authority prescribed, but they didn't know what they wanted or how to get it: "In the last analysis, [they] had good fists, stout lungs, but no adequate political weapons."

Thus the French today confront the Houdini-like feat of freeing themselves from the straitjacket of their own values. Hoffmann doesn't think de Gaulle's successors are facing up to this task. Indeed Pompidou—himself a poor boy who made it within the system—appeared not to believe these values could be changed. Instead he seemed willing to settle for nostrums that would ease the social pain of ongoing modernization. Would a government of the Left do better than the alliance of technocrats and conservative politicians who have run the country for the last 15 years? Hoffmann wouldn't bet on it—hence the big question mark in his title, borrowed from the *War Memoirs*

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of General de Gaulle, and the suspended judgments with which he closes this collection of essays.

Hoffmann addresses himself to the same question that Tocqueville pursued through all of his writing: What are the links between politics and society? It is hard to think of a more difficult question to answer. Hoffmann writes with elegance and wit, but his favorite mode of discourse is the paradox, and one must remain very attentive indeed in order to keep up with the argument. The Eriksonian analysis of de Gaulle, for all its speculative ingenuity, isn't convincing. Hoffmann may be right when he says that Crozier's theory on the French style of authority is so powerful that it explains almost everything. But powerful theories are like powerful automobiles. One is always tempted to take them out and run them at full throttle, just to see what they can do, and this can be dangerous.

No one writing on France today has a more subtle and sophisticated understanding of the changes at work in that country than Stanley Hoffmann. But my favorite essay is the comment on "The Sorrow and the Pity," Marcel Ophuls' dark vision of France under the Occupation. Ophuls' Frenchmen are, for the most part, a cringing, crouching, excuse-making lot. Hoffmann concedes this may be part of the truth, but it is far from the whole truth. Other essays explain what he thinks about France; the moving essay on the Ophuls film, especially his comments on his old schoolteacher, who helped him and his mother flee the Gestapo, explain why he thinks of France with great affection and everlasting gratitude.

John Talbott

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Counterculturalism

R. D. Laing
by Edgar Z. Friedenberg

(Viking; $5.95, $2.25 paper)

Edgar Friedenberg's new book on the psychoanalyst R. D. Laing is a speculative work that tells us little about Laing that we did not already know. Nevertheless it is an instructive and lively little book that attempts to think about a whole range of cultural issues that continue to fascinate many of us. Friedenberg uses Laing as an occasion to ask a variety of questions about the relation between personal authenticity and social responsibility, about psychiatry as a potentially life-denying normative institution, and about the blight that is mass democracy American-style. Here and there Laing disappears from view, and the thread of the argument seems to have been lost; but Friedenberg's book is a relatively genial polemic, speculative and argumentative by turns; it is difficult not to appreciate the tact and generosity of Friedenberg's approach.

The book asks important questions and implicitly directs a vague response, but its very commitment to tactfulness and a genial counterculturalism prevents it from pursuing its arguments. In the first place the author is "hung up" (Friedenberg's impression) on being fair to his subjects, so that even when he persuasively reveals disastrous omissions and misrepresentations in Laing, he draws back almost at once from what he has said as though the issue were of little moment. This happens so frequently that one suspects the operation of a principle. For example Friedenberg wonders why Laing should pretend that certain kinds of families inevitably produce disturbed children. "Most persons," he writes, "who come to be adjudged psychotic were reared in homes with siblings who managed to cope, at whatever costs to themselves, with the demands made on them and retain some measure of autonomy; or, at least, avoid the catastrophic loss of autonomy involved in hospitalization. *Why* this should be so is not, to be sure, Laing's question. But that is no reason why it should not be one of ours." Indeed, but why stop with that? Why not go on to see whether in concrete instances Laing's case studies, on the basis of which he originally earned his reputation, are not irreparably damaged by his refusal to ask the right questions?

We expect brilliant social critics like Friedenberg to suggest that their counterculture comrades have failed to address the essentials implicit in their own arguments. Laing's position is compromised by his refusal to ask the kinds of questions Friedenberg raises. At one point Friedenberg goes so far as to indicate, briefly, that Laing's identification with his patients is itself a risky enterprise, though clearly admirable in purely human terms: "But his way of writing about them [psychotic patients] has increasingly suggested a greater degree of identification with them—so great, indeed, as to jeopardize his willingness to assess the role they might be playing in contributing to their own misery and existential plight." Having said as much, Friedenberg drops the point once again and leaves his reader uncomfortable at the prospect that the book will not return to it.

The dissatisfaction with Laing to which Friedenberg gives voice finally goes a good deal beyond Laing, though his work is a suitable focus. Laing stands in a long line of counterculture figures who have in recent years mounted a deadly assault on the foundations of Western culture. As a psychoanalyst, Laing has spoken with the special authority that literary people and political commentators have usually been loathe to claim for themselves, at least with respect to questions of authenticity and selfhood. What Laing has said, so often and so well in these years, in books like *The Politics of the Family* and *The Politics of Experience*, is that cultural institutions shape and direct human lives in ways that fail to maximize human potential and deliberately restrain the emergence of fully autonomous selves.

There is nothing new in this, of course, for many psychoanalysts have made such observations since the publication of Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents*. What is striking about Laing is his insistence that there is nothing

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in the nature of culture itself that demands that we acquiesce in its constraints, no reason why, with good intentions and scrupulous adjustments, we should not construct alternate institutions that will encourage the growth of autonomous individuals and maximize human freedom. This freedom Laing has lately represented in somewhat hysterical and cosmic terms, concluding, in Friedenberg's words, that "what is required is not more humane and responsive psychiatry so much as Mad Liberation." What Laing calls "the dissolution of the normal ego, that false self competently adjusted to our alienated social reality," is an eventuality he has welcomed with all the abandon of a fellow who has grown weary of his own ambivalence and of conflicts that give little promise of easy resolution.

Now there is no doubt that Laing has written attractively of what authentic selfhood might be, but his more skeptical admirers have regularly taken him to task for his overly schematic representation of the cultural setting in which the problematic self would need to make its way. As a champion of the counterculture, Edgar Friedenberg has long wished to proclaim the benefits of autonomy, but his understanding of social dynamics has always prevented him from arriving at rude or hysterical generalizations. Thus, though he wants to embrace Laing, to participate in an open combat with the dominant forces in the culture, he recognizes all too well the difficulty of espousing freedom under conditions that demand constraint, and frequently reward people substantially for the sacrifices they make.

There is no doubting the fact that Friedenberg understands the weaknesses in Laing's entire canon. There is, for example, his disciplined intuition that ultimately it is impossible for most men to will the kind of freedom Laing would have them struggle for—in Friedenberg's view, men in culture necessarily respond to severe constraints whether or not they have been officially conditioned to. Group membership confers a variety of advantages and problems, and there is no use in pretending that one can deliberately decide what kinds of freedom he will have. "Men who believe," he writes, "that they must act according to their conscience regardless of the interests and perceptions of the group to which they are pledged or the consequences to themselves are not freer than others;

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they are either marginal and in transition between groups . . . ; or their independence is itself a class characteristic, possibly associated with their affluence, which makes them less afraid of scarcity."

Laing doesn't hesitate, in his own books, to quote from Marx, Marcuse and others, but one feels he does not sufficiently understand what is meant by necessity, that the unavoidable is a condition of social life which no amount of liberated willing can altogether alter. These are facts of life that Friedenberg understands well. Had he insisted on such facts throughout his book, he'd have accomplished more than the modest probing and pointing no serious reader can fail to commend, and avoided the sentimental identification with Laingian counterculturalism toward which his book finally tends. In drawing back from the painful consequences of his own brilliant insights, Friedenberg demonstrates anew how hard it is for men of good sense to resist the transcendental and libertarian impulses American writers have for so long enthusiastically entertained.

Robert Boyers

Bull's-Eye

Rigadoon
by Louis-Ferdinand Céline

(Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence; $8.95)

Finished in 1961 on the morning of Céline's death and first published in 1969, *Rigadoon* completes the trilogy begun with *Castle to Castle* (1957) and *North* (1960). Like them it is a staccato, vivid, vibrant monologue in which Céline the doctor-author, reclusive and ursine in the Paris suburb of Meudon, recalls his months of self-exile with his wife Lucette in Hitler's disintegrating Reich. The title is doubly appropriate. A *rigodon* is not only a lively, old-fashioned dance; it is also, in military terminology, a short bugle call announcing a bull's-eye. The book is a sort of *Paradisio* to the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* of its two predecessors, and it triumphantly concludes Céline's career. Apart from an occasional oddity like "strong breath" for *haleine forte* (*i.e.*, bad breath) and some mildly infelicitous slang, Ralph Manheim's translation of it seems excellent.

In *Castle to Castle*, Céline is patiently making a final try for the brass ring, straining to recapture the buoyant energy, the creative self-esteem of *Journey to the End of the Night* (1932) and *Death on the Installment Plan* (1936), in the face of private wretchedness and public indifference or obloquy. But poignant as is his sense of banishment from the republic of letters, there is a major problem to the book: as he sardonically doctors the hungry, rumor-ridden, backbiting colony of French fascists and collaborators at Sigmaringen, he is inescapably trapped in his own public role as an alleged collaborator, the author of the notorious anti-Semitic polemics of the late '30s and early '40s. He had not in fact been a collaborator, despite his prewar enthusiasm for Hitler's racial policies, and after the war he amply paid for his pestilential anti-Semitism. But in the absence of any hint of remorse for it in the book or any acknowledgment of the scale of the Nazi infamies, there is something edgily disingenuous about his repeated insistence on his postwar sufferings, his scathing counterattacks against his literary accusers, his mordant challenges to the offical cliché version of a nobly resisting France. They suggest rather too much a brilliant defense attorney with a shaky brief.

North is considerably more relaxed, partly no doubt because of the favorable reception of *Castle*. Billeted most of the time with German aristocrats in a village near Berlin, Céline is alone now with Lucette, their childlike friend the actor Le Vigan, their old cat Bébert. His given role now, insofar as he has one, is that of the cultured French doctor humoring his alien hosts. For the most part though, he is simply Ferdinand, scrounging continually for food to keep his tiny family going. The reich, too, has shrunk to a handful of individuals, helpful, or perplexed, or tight-fisted, or kinky, trying to carry on as the Allied bombers hammer Berlin. And the slightly parochial literary quarrels have also receded a little, in the face of an increased awareness of the emerging, alien, postwar France of TV, image-making, plastics, intercontinental jets. The book sags a bit toward the end as Céline tries to manufacture some novelistic action, and it is still politically unendearing in places. But there are indications, too, of a certain amount of authorial role-playing, of Céline's presenting himself knowingly as "the foremost living stinker," giving his public their thrills, aware of the duplicity of their attitudes toward suffering and disasters in a disastrous world. And the kind of reader whose imagined complaints about his ramblings and abrasiveness he takes note of at various points is obviously not perceived as hostile.

With *Rigadoon*, which benefits from being only half the length of *North*, there is at last a steady flow of self-affirming action as Céline, Lucette, Le Vig and Bébert traverse Germany on packed trains through ravaged landscapes rich in surrealistic incongruities —Pompeii-like corpses, overturned ships, a locomotive engine on top of an enormous pile of rubble, and so on. Le Vig eventually defects, unreproved. But Lucette is a calm, courageous presence, and Bébert figures more and more engagingly, borne lovingly through disasters in his shoulder-bag, protected in a way that Céline himself had never been. Along the way, too, they acquire a troop of imbecile children, and finally get them safely into Denmark. Moreover, Céline himself, as he writes the book, is consciously nearing sanctuary at last, an anachronistic survivor, the old enmities almost done with, though he goes through the motions for form's sake.

With death near, with the promise of rest and the certainty of his own literary immortality, there is a new and deserved self-acceptance, an acknowledgment of his youthful skills and idealism, his abiding sense of duty, his stubborn endurance. Moreover, while he insists as much as before on the harshness and unfairness of life and the ultimate collapse of Western civilization, the individuals whom he presents in the book almost all behave decently, and his expressions of affection for the optimism of his idiot youngsters bring to mind his lyrical pleas on behalf of childhood gaiety and spontaneity in *Les Beaux Draps* (1941).

Céline wrote in *North*: "I can say without boasting that the thread of History passes straight through me from top to bottom, from the clouds to my head to my asshole." His works are the most eloquent testimony that we have to the madness of Europe that resulted in the two holocausts. But the eyes through which he regarded that madness, as the present book reminds us, were not only

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those of the prodigious genius-victim of *Death on the Installment Plan* and *Journey to the End of the Night* and the brutal polemicist of the swollen so-called pamphlets. They were also those of the deeply compassionate doctor who wrote that poignant brief study of medical genius and folly, *The Life and Work of Semmelweiss* (1924). *Rigadoon* deserves its bugle call, it takes its place alongside *Semmelweiss*, and the two of them, while not of the stature of his two masterpieces, are the works that most satisfyingly complement them.

John Fraser

Remarkable Feast

Tristes Tropiques by Claude Lévi-Strauss

(Atheneum; $12.50, $3.95 paper)

Tristes Tropiques is the latest, and perhaps last, product of the French Enlightenment, a book that celebrates the breadth and lucidity of the rational tradition while exhausting its possibilities. To say that it is the single most exciting work ever published by an anthropologist would be true, but limiting, for it is remarkable among the literary achievements of the century. Like most truly great books, it is difficult to define its exact subject matter. Its meanings are found at different levels, its message differs with the reader and his time; it conveys new insights with second and third perusals. The book is at once a travelogue, an ethnographic account, a personal confession, a discourse on social theory and an adventure into the human mind by one of the finest intelligences of our time. It is a feast.

There was a time when a reviewer of Claude Lévi-Strauss' works had to introduce the author as the professor of social anthropology at the Collège de France, member of the Academie Française, theoretician of myth and kinship, and an authority on South American Indians, but this is no longer necessary. Though not quite a household word in this country, Lévi-Strauss has become widely known among literate Americans through magazine and review articles about him. The problem for most readers, however, is to find a work by Lévi-Strauss that can be understood without post-doctoral training in anthropology. His scholarly foundations rest on his *The Elementary Structures of Kinship* and the four-volume *Mythologiques*, or *Introduction to the Science of Mythology*, both of which are anthropological *tours de force* whose profundity is matched by opacity. A shorter work, *The Savage Mind*, makes less of a demand on the reader, but it is still a difficult book. This leaves *Tristes Tropiques*, which is both comprehensible by the layman and pleasurable reading. Yet hidden within its pages are all of the principal ideas of French "structuralism."

First issued in the French in 1955, *Tristes Tropiques* appeared in translation in England under the title *World on the Wane*. A somewhat abridged version, published in the United States by Criterion and reprinted by Atheneum in 1963, kept the title of *Tristes Tropiques* because nobody knew quite how to translate it. The present volume is a new translation of the 1968 French re-edition, this time complete. Translators John and Doreen Weightman have outdone themselves here. Lévi-Strauss does not render into English easily; a new edition of *Tristes Tropiques* was a necessity. This one is a gift.

The outline, though not the structure, of the book is given by Lévi-Strauss' travels and research in Brazil from 1934 to 1939, a period during which he lectured in anthropology at the University of São Paulo and traveled through the Brazilian savannas and forests, visiting the Caduveo, Indians, the Nambikwara, the Tupi-Kawahib, the Bororo and other lovely and disappearing peoples. Into this travelogue are crammed reflections of his later trips to South Asia, ethnographic notes on his excursions among the Indians, reminiscences of his student days, a rather inaccurate memory of Fire Island, a mordant passage on the crowds and poverty of India, musings on the deep-level differences between the old and new worlds, his view of anthropology as one of the few true vocations and an essay on the riotous diversity of native markets. And running between the lines is the theme that time and space are one and the same, that we can find eternity in human cultures and in ourselves.

Tristes Tropiques is a cornucopia, but, like the seemingly fabulous and often pointless myths that are Lévi-Strauss' special province, it has an underlying order. The structural analysis of myth teaches that within the narrative, which proceeds in a linear way from a beginning to an end, a myth poses to its audience a series of paired and opposed notions, adding further symbols that mediate and seal the breaches. In this way the myth tells at a deeper level of the contradictions of human life, of the reversals of reality into imagery, of the opposition between man and nature, of the dialectical operations of the minds that, in producing the myth, expose and explain their own underlying structures. For all its story content, the myth is an intimate self-revelation, and in just this way so also is *Tristes Tropiques*.

Levi-Strauss has, he confesses, "a neolithic intelligence" that sets fire to a patch of brush, reaps a single harvest and moves on to new subjects. An idea, an event, an institution is grasped and examined from every side until it loses its uniqueness and identity and passes into something else, becoming its opposite or disappearing into a more abstracted identity. He bemuses the reader with the argument that writing is a means for deception and enslavement, but startles him with the insight several chapters later that man's attempts to master and understand the universe lead him to become the puppet of its laws. To the extent that we comprehend these laws, he writes, they "use thought itself as an intermediary medium and are colonizing us on behalf of a silent world of which we have become the agents." The cities of the New World, Europe and Asia are touched upon and seen as a set of rearrangements of a limited number of variables; a few permutations of these variables will convert one into another, much as in his analyses of myths or in his comparison of caste and clan. And, in the same vein, Lévi-Strauss remarks that travel in the direction of the sun's course is progressive, whereas eastward journeys are disorderly. One is led to suspect that structuralism rests more on intuitive genius than science, but it makes splendid reading.

The book has the essential structure of a myth, but its contents have a mythic message as well. Travel, and perhaps the quest for meaning, is a "snare and a delusion." Deep in the back country of Mato Grosso, the reality of Lévi-Strauss' surroundings receded; his mind ceased using the objects of the environment for thought and seized

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upon the melody of Chopin's "Étude no. 3, opus 10" instead. "Perhaps," he asks, "this was what traveling was, an exploration of the deserts of my mind rather than of those surrounding me?" And in his search for a society "reduced to its simplest expression" he found the Nambikwara, which was so simple that all he could find were human beings. What the mind seeks to reach out to and comprehend, it of necessity dissolves. One cannot both understand and possess; to know is to forsake, and this is the sadness of the title. *Tristes Tropiques*, then, is Lévi-Strauss in the underworld, a latterday version of the Orpheus myth. And all of us who have traveled in distant lands to know strange peoples have lost our Eurydices, and found only ourselves.

Robert F. Murphy

Recent, Notable Fiction

In the Springtime of the Year by Susan Hill

(Saturday Review Press; $5.95)

Like a hawk circling closer and closer to its prey, English writer Susan Hill has come closer and closer to the subject that dominates her newest novel—grief and death. *Strange Meeting*, her novel about World War I, ends with the death of one young soldier and the mourning of his friend; *The Bird of Night* is not only about madness and genius but is also about Harvey Lawson's love for Francis Croft and his long years of mourning after Francis' suicide. Her collection of stories, *A Bit of Singing and Dancing*, published only in England, makes her concern more explicit, for each of the 11 stories treats openly of love, loss and grief between oddly assorted couples. She is drawn to old people and to outcasts—retarded children, deaf-mutes, faded middle-aged bachelors and spinsters still waiting for life to happen to them—and handles sympathetically settings rarely used in contemporary English fiction: deep country and seaside villages when the vacationers have left.

In her new novel, *In the Springtime of the Year*, she has chosen to limit herself to the most naked manifestations of love, death and mourning, drawing on what is apparently a personal experience. Ruth Bryce has been widowed at the age of 20 after only one year of a happy marriage when her husband, Ben, is suddenly crushed by a tree falling on him. Always a solitary person, her father's companion after her mother's death, Ruth feels entirely alone in a world of closed doors, beyond the reach of any conventional mourning.

And she *is* a stranger in the small farming community of which the Bryces are an intimate part. Ben, especially, had been cherished by the men he worked with for his skills, his quiet good humor and his feeling for the soil. But Ruth had been only a visitor from the outside world come to stay with her 90-year-old godmother, and although Miss Fry had been loved and respected by all, Ruth is not yet welcomed by the community when she meets and marries Ben. With the money left by her godmother, they buy and furnish a cottage and prepare for a long life together, with Ruth hoping to keep her love separate from the world, especially from the pettiness of Ben's mother and sister, with their unsatisfied ambitions and their hostility toward what they do not understand.

Then, abruptly, Ben is taken from her. And she compounds her isolation by refusing to act as the villagers expect. She does not cry or collapse, she chooses to stay alone in her cottage, and she will not accept the conventionally proffered assistance of the Bryces. Only Jo, Ben's younger brother, who shares Ben's feeling for the countryside, understands the depths of Ruth's grief and comes unobtrusively to the cottage to make sure that she eats, to keep the house in order, and to share her silent vigil.

There is little more to the story than Ruth's slow healing as she lives her first year of widowhood alone in the midst of the changing seasons. A few villagers penetrate her veil of mourning, most notably the curate, who suffers his own losses, but she does not turn in the direction of life until she joins the rest of the community in the annual custom of dressing the graves for Easter. A covering of damp moss is put on each grave mound and spring flowers are arranged on the bedding in the shape of a cross, so that the dead are also drawn into the drama of the resurrection. Acknowledging her dependence on others Ruth goes with Jo to pick flowers and decorate the graves of Ben and Miss Fry, and she is even able to accept the help of other people who loved her loved ones.

Both the natural world, then, which Susan Hill describes with close attention to the small details of seasonal change in a rural ambience, and the symbols of religion are summoned in the healing process, until the entire book echoes Ruth's momentary vision of the universe as a seamless wonder embodied in the piece of rose quartz she buys for Ben the day before his death.

Susan Hill has already demonstrated her mastery of character-drawing and fictional technique in her earlier novels, but *In the Springtime of the Year*, with its deliberate stripping away of almost all the elements of conventional fiction, represents a remarkable advance in what is turning out to be a considerable *oeuvre* for such a young writer. Although the book is limited to Ruth's perceptions and the meager inward actions of tearing and healing, it has none of the self-indulgence often associated with interior monologue or the purple passages and dependence on the pathetic fallacy that mar much writing about nature.

By looking closely at both setting and character and by putting down what she sees in exact and restrained prose, she has succeeded in transforming the shapeless emotion of grief into a shapely and successful work of art whose affirmation of a world "where all manner of thing shall be well," signals yet another triumph by an artist who, in her quiet, steady way, is fast becoming one of the outstanding novelists of our time.

Michele Murray

COMING

John Seelye
on Mailer on *Graffiti*

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Mundome
by A. G. Mojtabai
(Simon & Schuster; $6.95)

A. G. Mojtabai is a 37-year-old American woman who went to Antioch College (philosophy and mathematics), married an Iranian, lived in Iran, Karachi, Pakistan and Lahore, left her husband and returned to the US, lectured briefly at Hunter College in philosophy, took a library master's at Columbia University and is now a librarian at City University of NY. No more astonishing and imaginative work could have emanated from so unlikely a background as this superb first novel she has produced. *Mundome* (the title is a portmanteau jumble of *In hoc mundo me extra me nhil agere posse . . .*) is short, shocking, original, unforgettable. It is also, I venture to say with no lack of assurance, the work of an impressive new fictional talent.

In a little more than 150 pages, some light with black-comic invention, others heavier with the minutiae of schizophrenia, AGM, utilizing no labels and only very little descriptive materials, gives us Richard Henken as he appears in his own diary. Librarian of "fugitive and ephemeral material" occupying the last desk in a corner of the vast cataloguing room of the New York Public Library, he and others in his division await the arrival of an efficiency expert. He begins his journal:

> *When I think of our library I think of nothing less than the archive of the human estate, the house of the memory of man, and more than a house, memory itself, and more than memory, the slow cess of the spirit: vanity and devotion, illusion, and the martyred rose of prophecy—torn, yet living still . . . .*

And he speaks of his fellow librarians using the same meticulous accretion of significant detail:

> *Are we votaries, or mice, or cashiers, behind our wickets, inside these dim enclosures? Refugees all, from one thing or another, all are taken in. Musicians out of work, expatriates, fags, unpublished poets, brooders, dreamers, keepers of the grail, the walking stillborn: the never-would-be's, the almost-was—all clerks to you. Lonely as lighthouse keepers, we have a special feeling for books. Books, to us, are friends and lovers and absent children.*

These fine short-takes are equally effective when, in place of descriptive passages, AGM uses fortune-cookie slogans to reconstruct the advice of psychiatrist Dr. Grey to Richard:

> *Be cautious, yet confidently aggressive. • Many changes of mind and mood. Do not hesitate too long. • Proceed with caution. • You are a courageous person. • Pass for now, the risk is too great. • Your efforts will result in much profit. • Proceed with caution. • Sometimes the best gain is to lose. • A pleasant experience, do not pass it by. • Give what you have to someone. It may be better than you think. • Proceed with caution. • You will have to choose between two jobs.*

Later Richard pries open a jammed drawer of his desk in a desperate effort to find some place to deposit the ephemera on top in preparation for the efficiency expert's arrival. At the back of the drawer he finds a communication from a now disappeared librarian who once used the desk. Now *character* is created by accumulation, this time using the piled-up non sequitors of the dictionary:

> *DESK, n. table set, but not for feasting*
> *cage of the horned knees*
> *houses of hope hobbled*
> *barnacle, tank*
> *incubator of wind and sighs*
> *reliquary*
> *aborted beach, unrisen garden,*
> *unfruited wood*

In Coke's last testament, which is close to the final document in Richard's brief history (we see him soon afterward in a mental hospital), we hear Coke, this old librarian's poignant words to the world: "I wish to be buried with my desk," and the heartfelt plea of Hamlet's ghost: "Remember me."

In many ways Richard is Bartleby. His desk faces "a stricken wall of mottled institutional green," his life shrinks until it is full of echoes and "there was more and more space as time went on, fewer people." His eyes are badly strained "from the kind of work I did, all the little dead letters." Coke too was a Bartleby and ended in madness, "just seemed to drift off in the end," playing solitaire with Library of Congress cards. Richard, asked if his job challenged him, tested his metal, replies with all his heart, "to my very limit. Sometimes it's almost more than I can handle." We read these words under the strictures of modern irony, but the response to the world is 19th-century Bartleby's. The deadly routines of the fugitive-and-ephemeral-material desk forces him to write first lines of short stories as he walks to work: "I am living at the bottom of a well. It is really very comfortable here and I see no point in moving." At night he dreams of fire in the library: "I had chosen to stay behind with the books."

But Richard's mania does not float free. It is given an objective correlative, his mad sister Meg with whom he lives. Her age is as indeterminate as his: "A few years ago I stopped counting, for both of us." She is frozen, silent, eating almost nothing but pictures of lobster dinners in *Life*. She sits at home while he works at the library, her hands clenched; she lies in bed reminding her brother he is insane. He takes her to the beach where she tries to bury her head in the sand, he takes her to buy clothes, and she assumes the stance of an unmoving manikin. In the street they are caught in the middle of a demonstration, and she turns to stone, refuses to move, making one of her few explanations of her inaction later: "I was standing to a thought."

For the fact is, despite some carefully placed tangential distractions and extraordinarily wary writing, Meg *is* the mad, outwardly-seeming-sane Richard. He admits: "Sometimes she speaks with my own voice. I can't be sure," and "We have an unspoken agreement. If Meg's happy, I'm happy, if Meg smiles, I smile." They ride a seesaw in the park; and AGM provides us with a metaphor for the schizophrenia:

> *In perfect understanding, I molded her fingers around the hand support. I saddled myself on the opposite end to counterbalance her. She is so light, I felt as if I were playing a dangerous game on a loose diving board. Our motion was abrupt, choppy. We rose and fell, rose and fell, now Meg, now myself ascendant.*

Miss Kay the nurse gives Meg *Time* for a birthday present and says to Richard, who reads to Meg, "That way *neither* of you gets bored." Meg's gentleman caller gives her a man's scarf for a present. Richard looks in the mirror to inspect his own face, after watching Meg cry before a mirror: "I was watching her watch herself cry." He sees himself

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then:

A remarkable face. Not another like it.

My face looked like a composite photograph.

Spliced. Cleft down the middle and spliced again, but badly. One eye squinted, the other gazed. One eye gazed, the other squinted. One corner of my mouth smiled, the other leered.

That's how it was: one side of my face was surely blabbing on the other, backbiting, fibbing, spreading outrageous slanders or, at the very least, giving away my best jokes in advance.

Now we know for certain that Richard and Meg are one, even though Richard from Richard. The story takes on terrifying dimensions, broken only by little episodes that confirm Richard's view, and ours, that the world outside is even madder than he. Mr. Valparosi, who brings to Richard's desk his ms of 412 pages, called *Drowning with One Eye Open*, representing eight years of work, all of it except the final page in ash form in a mayonnaise jar. The one page is blank except for—*412—piteously said.* The End. Richard despairs: "I didn't even know whether it was 'he piteously said' or 'she piteously said.'" The omitted pronoun-person reflects his own doubt about identity and his contained madness is catapulted into disorder when the efficiency expert arrives; the expert is, of course, Dr. Grey.

Meg had once written to Richard that "women [are] the secret side of men, and men the secret side of women," and so the process of disorder, revelation, incarceration ends. There are no more surprises. Richard, locked away, is visited by Meg who reproaches him for her existence: "It's people like you who make puzzles of themselves," but when he reaches for her, only the dusty chair where she has been sitting is there. "Meg," he cries, "why have you left me alone?" As the novel ends he is going through the hall, toward her room, to find her, to *wake* her.

To tell this story as I have is not to use it up. It is an interior narrative with little plot, a sea anemone that curls around the reader's fascination and holds it fast. It is that wonder and that curio, a nonautobiographical first novel. It is that delight and dilemma to describe, that despair of reviewers: a discovery, a new talent.

Doris Grumbach

Hidden Faces by Salvador Dali

(Morrow; $7.95)

In his first (and probably last) novel, translated from the French by Haakon Chevalier, Dali invades Proust's turf and writes of French aristocrats and commoners before and during a world war. Unlike Proust, however, Dali is fascinated with medieval lore, including sorcery and diabolic possession. He is above all a shameless romantic. His aim is primarily to astonish, only secondarily to convince. Count Hervé de Grandsailles, the protagonist of *Hidden Faces*, has a cuckoo's nest of medieval fancies in his head as well as a love for his family estate no less sensible than a yeoman's for his cottage and half-dozen acres. When the Nazis invade France the count runs off to North Africa where he gets entangled in anti-German conspiracy. Escaping arrest, he ships to South America, winds up in the United States, and blunders into marriage. Heiress Veronica Stevens mistakes him for an American pilot whose head bandages had made his anonymity all the more impenetrable when they had met in a Paris bomb shelter.

The marriage collapses as the pilot returns from a rumored death at sea and exposes the count. But Grandsailles is never at a loss. He has a lifelong affair going with French widow Solange de Cléda, who stayed put despite the invasion and protected the count's property by going through the motions of collaborating with the enemy. To keep the name Grandsailles from withering, the count studies his medieval books and uses a sorcerer's tricks for the purpose of conceiving a child with Solange. The ocean between them doesn't daunt Grandsailles, and poor Solange resorts to an exorcist before her saintly capacity for suffering does her in.

Preposterous? Yet a preposterous story—as Voltaire knew when he wrote *Candide*—may allow as much room for general truths and delicate particulars as the realism of Jane Austen, the documented novels of Zola, or the "autobiographic" fiction of Proust. Dali has brilliantly developed his artist's observing faculty and he is a master of particulars. Few play directors are more attentive to movements and gestures, few makeup men more attentive to facial lines. In fact he shares Balzac's view that each of us imperceptibly makes his face and that it defies hypocrisy in the end by telling the true story of our passions. Grandsailles, selfish, sadistic and Machiavellian within the limits of his crazy obsessions, is a hypocrisy unmasked. More important, his failings represent for Dali a clue to the moral weaknesses of the educated and wealthy who should have led the resistance to Hitler during the '30s.

Writing his novel in 1943 Dali imagined an Allied victory in which Grandsailles returns home and recognizes that the victory has nothing to do with him, since his arrogance has left him friendless and hated by servants who had deferred to him as if he were the Sun King. Through Hitler, another Sun King eventually fallen low, Dali reaffirms his theme of selfish passions dragging a man to his ruin. The most memorable scene shows Hitler penned up in Berchtesgaden, raving at Jewry and Christianity, and washing himself repeatedly under the illusion that he must go to his grave spotless.

Pointing up the selfishness of Grandsailles and the paranoia of Hitler, Solange de Cléda has all the virtues, including a resistance to well earned rewards. Dali obviously intended that she be a "steady beacon in the wilderness," to borrow Howard Moss' words about the role of Marcel's grandmother in *Remembrance of Things Past*. An important difference marks off these characters, though. While Marcel's grandmother combines common sense and the decencies, Solange martyrs herself for a vindictive man whose brutalities pass with her as severe but discriminating justice. Dali tried to make Solange a symbol striking enough to broaden the dimensions of psychoanalytic theory. "Clédalism," he observed, "is pleasure and pain sublimated in all-transcending identification with the object." Unamuno said it more simply: "If your wife has a pain in her left leg, you shall feel the same pain in your left leg." A lover's creed and a novelist's too.

There is no denying Dali's ability to identify with his characters in pleasure and in pain, and his analytical powers are such that we can smile without condescension at his boast that he is a better psychologist than Proust. Unfortunately Dali isn't satisfied to be the author of a witty and occasionally soberly philosophic novel. Nor is he satisfied to impress when he has the means to astonish. Hence his indulgence in the big lush word for the big lush word's sake.

James Walt

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To Italy With Love

Italia, Italia
by Peter Nichols

(Atlantic-Little, Brown; $8.95)

This is what the portrait of a country should be, painted with love that still shows warts and all, and more than warts, shows the skull beneath the skin.

To see even the skin clearly requires an ability to discard thousands of foreigners' preconceptions and misconceptions, to see through Italian eyes even while acknowledging, as Peter Nichols does, the truth of Elena Croce's statement that "there is no generally acceptable Italian image of Italy." Nichols has the vision of a man who combines highly individual sensibilities with the training of the kind of correspondent who seeks reality for his newspaper. He has been the *Times* of London correspondent in Rome for 20 years, is married to an Italian, so his vision is the clearer for both of those historical accidents.

The skull that Nichols sees beneath the Italian skin is the division of Italy between the conflicting pulls of Europe and the Mediterranean, which underlies the split between north and south within Italy. One skull doesn't make a skeleton, however, and Nichols moves unevenly back and forth between profound moments and comprehensive but less profound surveys, from chapters that are real pleasures to chapters that are merely competent.

He is a pleasure, for instance, on the subject of relations between Italian men and women. Men have ridiculous airs of virility, patronize prostitutes heavily, seldom help with the housework and enjoy a superiority in law that is only now being eroded. But Italian women are the architects of the social structure that protects their males. Their authority seems implacable and real, handed from mother to wife and borrowed by mistress. A feminist may be correct in feeling that this authority is no more than the "authority" of the prisoner over the warden who is psychologically dependent on his charge, but it is very different from the situation against which American women have started to rebel. Here, unlike Italy, boys are not brought up close to women and men seldom take real trouble to please women.

In his survey of parties and politicians, Nichols can be original—as in his observation that the gap between rulers and ruled in Italy is not such a bad thing. The performance of the state would be tolerated only by people who believe that "as nothing was to be expected from the governing classes, there was no reason to complain when the rulers failed . . ." He points out that the gap between citizens and government does not mean a gap between citizens and politics. They are intimately connected by the *sottogoverno*, the network of interests by which favors are dispensed, through which Italy functions and the Christian Democrats retain power. Nichols gives the wartime allies a good share of the blame for making Italy think the only choice is between communism and moderate conservatism, presented as perdition and reaction. This has prevented the development of a left-wing, lay and democratic party that would be a true alternative rather than a sharer in Christian Democratic power.

The lack of such a party is one reason that, as Nichols says, "the heart of Italy's political problem is social reform." He surveys the areas in which reform is needed, from justice and prisons to education, health and housing. He also gives a deserved emphasis, too often skimped by other observers, to the economy (in which the state plays a huge role through holding companies rather than socialist techniques) and Italy's new regional governments. This makes me think *Italia, Italia* is more useful than a book with which it shares many insights—Luigi Barzini's *The Italians*.

Barzini is a better writer, but he is saddled with a problem he acknowledges: he is an Italian, so he is doing a portrait of his mother, steeped in the history that is part of his family consciousness. Nichols sees the old lady's faults more clearly, as foster sons sometimes do, and is more concerned with the way the family acts today than how it got that way over the centuries. Perhaps Nichols could stand a bit more of the psychological history in which Barzini indulges too much. But he is better than Barzini on political history. The Briton and the Italian are very similar in their treatments of the Italian family and the mafia, both institutions that do things the state has proved unable to do (like caring for the sick or preserving order) and both obstacles to the state's developing the ability to do them.

In any case, just as one treasures Barzini on Cola di Rienzo as a premature Mussolini or on the baroque style as a major element of the Italian soul, one may treasure Nichols on the way Italians create "the beauty, not of the present, but of the moment: of seeing the whole world in a moment of time." He offers two exquisitely different examples: Piero della Francesca's "Resurrection of Christ" at San Sepolcro and the annual Palio bareback horse race in Siena.

Or one may savor Nichols' reference to Sidney Sonnino, the "Anglican Jew" who was premier of pre-Mussolini Italy, who wrote but never delivered a parliamentary speech in which he said that Italy should avoid coming to any agreement with the Vatican so long as the Vatican was in predominantly Italian hands. Mussolini and de Gasperi both ignored Sonnino, and Italy has suffered for it. Barzini has a chapter on Mussolini but never mentions either Sonnino or de Gasperi. I'll take both books on my next trip to Italy.

Anthony Astrachan

To His Counsel, On Going To The House Judiciary Committee

Tell them it, Saint, and make it Clair,
That legally you see
In all the *(expletive)* that's there
No criminality.

Morality is not the case,
Let nothing to it yield,
But with the utmost force now brace
My Presidential shield.

The final knock is at the door!
To you I do confess:
I could not love the office more,
Nor care for honor less.

Eve Merriam

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Unsentimental Chronicler

Notes On An Endangered Species and Others by Mordecai Richler

(Knopf; $6.95)

"What, who, why, when is a Canadian writer?"

An outraged and apparently depletable Canadian Authors' Association posed the question, then editorialized:

> *If a writer wants to make big money he will probably stop writing about Canada and almost certainly leave Canada. If a writer wants "instant fame" he will very likely have to prostitute his talent by such things as writing sex-dripping prose or taking a deliberately shocking stand on a touchy subject.*

Mordecai Richler qualifies as a living answer to the association's livid question. He left Canada and went to England and wrote for the movies for money. He has written novels like *Cocksure*, and *St. Urbain's Horseman*, full of sex-drippery, and he has taken radical stands on such touchy subjects as Jews in sport. The whole story is revealed in his newest collection of pieces, and a scurvy tale it is. Richler may not have left Canada spiritually, literarily or reportorially, as these articles (and his novels) shamelessly prove, but he is nonetheless a cunning Canadian type. He will not run for mayor of Montreal. He will not streak at the National Book Awards affair to protest mountie brutality. He, sly fox, betrays his true nature instead by writing well.

This new book, his eighth, contains some of that good writing, some not so good. Much of the work is casual, relaxed, but a few pieces are so random they seem like his notes turned into declarative sentences. Richler is, also, yes, able to prove that life in Montreal can really be as fascinating as life in Watervliet, New York, on a rainy Thursday, with some homeland trivia that really doesn't make it across the border.

But when he is good, as he is in reminiscing about his young literary days in Paris in the 1950s, or getting under the skin of schlock movie producers at the Cannes Film Festival, or doing the definitive piece on the Jewish Catskills, then he is very, very good indeed.

He also offers up an ambitious piece of literary detection and criticism: an analysis of Ian Fleming's James Bond novels, placing them in an anti-Semitic tradition in British adventure and spy literature. The Bond books, Richler argues, use Jews—Blofeld, Goldfinger (Jewish names), Horowitz, LeChiffre—as arch villains. Richler theorizes that the books do this with such regularity (he also finds them anti-black, acknowledging that Fleming-booster Kingsley Amis disagrees), with Jews plotting to take over the world, that they really read like fictional spinoffs from *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.*

> *Tangled and contradictory, the main idea* [of the *Protocols*] *is that the Jews, spreading confusion and terror, will eventually take over the globe. Like SPECTRE, they will use liberalism as a front. Like Mr. Big, they will foster discontent and unrest . . . Underground railways* [a big feature in all versions of the *Protocols*] *will be constructed in major cities, so that the Elders may counter any organized rebellion by blowing capital cities to smithereens—a recurring threat in the Bond novels* [*Moonraker, Thunderball*].

Richler recollects the novels of John Buchan, a former governor-general of Canada, who wrote in his most famous novel, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*: "[If you] get to the real boss, then the one you are brought up against is a little white-faced Jew in a bathchair with an eye like a rattlesnake. Yes, sir, he is the man who is ruling the world just now, and he has his knife in the Empire of the Tzar, because his aunt was outraged and his mother flogged in some one-horse location on the Volga."

Adds Richler, after linking Fleming's Bond books to Buchan's:

> *The minority man, as Norman Mailer has astutely pointed out, grows up with a double-image of himself, his own and society's. My boys are crazy about the James Bond movies, they identify with 007, as yet unaware that they have been cast as the villains of the drama . . . I owe to Buchan the image of my grandfather as a little white-faced Jew with an eye like a rattlesnake . . . This possibly, is why I've grown up to loathe Buchan* [and] *Fleming. . . .*

Richler has much to say about Jews—in Canada, in sport and in the Catskills, where he reports on the life-style at Grossinger's, The Concord, The Laurels and other such pleasure domes. The article is first-rate reporting, and most difficult to do. "For an innocent goy to even think some of the things said at Grossinger's, would be to invite the wrath of the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League," he writes. I don't know the publishing history of this piece, but it sounds like material guaranteed to raise Jewish hackles, despite Richler's own Jewishness and good will. "Sitting ducks for satire," he calls the Catskill folks as he pokes holes in Jenny Grossinger's "maudlin 'warmth' or 'traditional reverence' for bogus learning," and finds a young couple at The Laurels on a warm, sunny day, lying under a sunlamp by the heated indoor pool.

Heirs of "impecunious dreamers," Richler calls them, now become an "unlovely spiky bunch that climbed with the rest of the middle-class America out of the Depression into a pot of prosperity." Their fate, he says, has been a skewering at the hands of literary Jews—Odets, Jerome Weidman, Budd Schulberg, Irwin Shaw, their lone shield Herman Wouk, who "armed with but a slingshot of clichés . . . [is] more of an embarrassment I'd say, than a shield." "Was there ever," Richler wonders, "a group so pursued by such an unsentimental platoon of chroniclers? So plagued by moralists? So blamed for making money?"

He also reviews the role of Jews as athletes (Sandy Koufax, Hank Greenberg) in his report on an *Encyclopedia of Jews In Sport*, not neglecting Hyman "Hy" Cohen, who pitched seven games for the Cubs in 1955 and ended with an 0-0 record, or Steve Allan Fitz either, who played five games for Houston in 1964 and batted .000. "Is this the stuff the Jewish Hall of Fame is made of?" wonders the vexed Richler. "Put this volume in the hands of an anti-Semitic sportsman and can't you hear him say, 'Nimble with the feet? Ho ho!'" He also wonders how Orthodox Jews will take the news that Conrad Ceth, an 0-1 pitcher with the Cardinals, has been included in the encyclopedia, even though he is only half-Jewish.

Richler's report on the iffy life of the independent movie producer is the best, if casual, inside look at that odd species—the endangered species of the title—I've ever come across. Richler's keen eye roams over the natural beauty of a terrace of tables at the Cannes Festival, with vivid results: "Modishly braless hookers, nipples by Eversharp, are rooted here and there, the empty coffee cups before them unfailingly lipstick-stained."

Bearing down on a more productive terrace table comes fringe producer

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Norm Flecker: "All through the punishing winter he has been humiliated and scorned, unable to get past Warner's front office or even get the assistant head of overseas production at MGM on the phone; and now, suddenly—look, look—everybody's here, on the terrace, tantalizing, vulnerable, unable to hide behind the secretaries. Uninvited and uninsultable, his skin thicker than bear hide, he moves in on them one by one."

Lovely reporting.

Richler's style is traditional, does not scream out loud for recognition as new or far-out journalism. He is much too aware of the old things to give modishness the time of day. He was a young man in Paris in the '50s (the best reminiscence in the collection), imitating Céline, listening to Sidney Bechet, wondering why more people weren't reading Nathanael West, drinking perhaps with Terry Southern, Herbert Gold, Alexander Trocchi or James Baldwin, getting letters from his father in Canada advising that *The Reader's Digest* was looking for unforgettable characters, shamefully reading Irwin Shaw and hiding it under a deSade jacket, making a disquieting side trip to visit E. M. Forster and finding the old man thought Fitzgerald without merit, couldn't finish Algren's *The Man with the Golden Arm*, but liked Willard Motley.

Much later Richler will have returned to Montreal and been asked, during a speech, by a lady: "I'm sure you don't remember me, but we were at school together. Even then you had filthy opinions, but who took you seriously? Nobody. Can you please tell me why on earth anybody takes you seriously now?" "If she only knew how profoundly I agreed with her," Richler writes. For he has gone into a ninth rewrite on *St. Urbain's Horseman*, a long novel that would take him five years. "In Paris all I ever craved was to be accepted as a serious novelist one day, seemingly an impossible dream." That dream is now realized, yet he looks around, sees "that what my generation of novelists does best, celebrating itself, is also discrediting." He wants something else and says in an explanation of *Why I Write*: "I deplore the writer as personality, however large and undoubted the talent, as is the case with Norman Mailer." Richler's motivation is the historical impulse: "No matter how long I continue to live abroad, I do feel forever rooted in Montreal's St. Urbain Street. That was my time, my place, and I have elected myself to get it right."

Compared to *St. Urbain's Horseman* this collection of work is minor; but at that it has the capacity for outlasting far flashier, far more controversial journalism and criticism of the day, for it comes from a man who has, probably out of some appallingly splendid character defect, not yielded to the pull of what was flimsy in his generational urges, but chose to steady it on, on through nine rewrites last time out, and who has produced book after book of quality fiction. And whatever the judgment of that body of work may eventually be, he certainly got one thing right: that without such work, the public man is only a clown of the time.

Richler fans will like this collection. Newcomers are advised to step first to the fiction counter for *St. Urbain's Horseman*, and come back to the *Endangered Species* as the hors d'œuvres of another day.

William Kennedy

From Cromwell to Mao

Armies in Revolution by John Ellis

(Oxford; $10.95)

The title of this book brings to mind Katharine Chorley's recently reissued classic, *Armies and the Art of Revolution* (*TNR*, Dec. 1, 1973), but the two books differ in approach as well as substance. Chorley studied the mutinies, wars and revolutions of Europe and America to formulate conclusions about the nature of revolutionary conflict and wrote each chapter to support a particular observation. By contrast Ellis has written seven case histories, beginning with the English civil war in the 17th century and ending with the Chinese civil war in this century. Though a military historian, he has focused primarily on the sociological factors that nurtured or destroyed revolutionary armies. There is also a difference in emphasis: Chorley stressed the similarities inherent in revolutions whereas Ellis has carefully delineated their dissimilarities case by case.

Santayana's well known aphorism about those who do not learn the lessons of history being destined to repeat them has another side: the misapplication of historical lessons. The Chinese civil war provided the author his best case in point. For more than a decade the Chinese Communist party tried to engineer a governmental takeover with urban uprisings similar to those that ultimately brought the Bolsheviks to power. Although the Chinese proletariat in the 1920s was relatively insignificant compared to the much larger population in the countryside, time and again the CCP would initiate conflicts in the cities only to be encircled and destroyed by the Nationalists of Chiang Kai-shek. Mao Tse-tung's rural-based strategy of protracted war evolved in the mid-1930s out of defeat and desperation rather than choice. But the diverse rural population of landlords and rich and poor peasants could not be won over by visions of a Marxist utopia; so ideology had to be abandoned. "The rich peasants are the capitalists of the rural areas and are an indispensable force," said a party statement in 1942 which then contradictorily asserted that peasants "must be helped and their living conditions improved." This sort of political fence-straddling continued until 1947 when the tide began to turn in Mao's favor. The mainland takeover was finally completed in 1949, 28 years after the CCP's first party congress.

Although the initial Chinese attempt to copy the Bolshevik model failed, the "lessons of history" were not at fault; they were simply misapplied. In this instance the relevant experience was the short-lived Paris Commune. Although the Parisians had tremendous revolutionary spirit, the movement was too local to be effective. The militia of one *arrondissement*, for example, might fight courageously to defend its own neighborhood but would not submit to the unified command necessary for successful collective defense. (American revolutionary experience of subordinating state militias to General Washington's control was the appropriate lesson for the communards.) Moreover because the commune remained isolated from the countryside, it could not win the wider support it needed to become a national movement. So instead of providing the basis for a new revolutionary republic, it was bloodily suppressed by the forces of Versailles. Lenin learned from the Paris Commune and used his urban takeover of the machinery of government to gain control of the peasantry. His effort depended less on ideology

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than on capitalistic incentives, such as land ownership, and an army greatly strengthened by tens of thousands of ex-Imperial officers and NCOs who served the Soviet state as loyally and professionally as they had the czar. Not having control of the government, the CCP was forced to win the loyalty of the Chinese people province by province.

Although most of these case histories contain references to earlier revolutions, an extended comparison in the final chapter would have been valuable. Instead the author simply distinguishes between ideological and organizational factors with little elaboration. The American Revolution and Paris Commune were isolated by time and distance, but they are nonetheless relevant to understanding the revolutionary experiences of Lenin and Mao. Although the sociological forces that shaped each revolutionary army are carefully reported in each chapter, Ellis falls short in his final effort to pull them together. The concluding chapter disappoints; still this is a useful book.

Peter J. Ognibene

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN E. TALBOTT *teaches history at the University of California at Santa Barbara.* ROBERT BOYERS *is associate professor of English at Skidmore College and editor of the quarterly* Salmagundi. JOHN FRASER *is a professor of English at Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia and author of the recent* Violence in the Arts *(Cambridge University Press).* ROBERT F. MURPHY *is professor of anthropology at Columbia University, and co-author, with his wife Yolanda, of the forthcoming* Women of the Forest *(Columbia University Press).* JAMES WALT *teaches English at the University of Maryland.* MICHELE MURRAY, *who died last month, was book editor of* The National Observer. *Her first book of poetry,* The Great Mother and Other Poems, *will be published in the fall by Sheed & Ward.* ANTHONY ASTRACHAN *was the* Washington Post *correspondent in Moscow for two years and has lived in Italy.* WILLIAM KENNEDY, *former book editor of* Look, *has just finished a new novel.* EVE MERRIAM *is a widely published poet and the author of* Mommies at Work *(School Book Service).* BRUCE COOK *is a staff writer on film and music with* The National Observer.

Mixed Bag

Remembering Bix
by Ralph Berton
(Harper & Row; $10)

The dustjacket photo of jazz cornetist Leon Bismarck Beiderbecke, who was known and is remembered universally by his nickname Bix, is the same one my father carried in his cornet case for as long as I can remember. He was an idol to a whole generation of white jazzmen, all the more to my father because they were from the same state (Iowa), and there was just four years difference in their ages. Although Bix died in 1931, the year before I was born, I was brought up listening to his pleasant, rolling and oddly accented style on records and was made to appreciate (though I never really shared) my father's attitude of reverence toward him.

Bix Beiderbecke was a virtuoso of jazz improvisation whose instinctive grasp of harmony and rhythm so far exceeded his formal training—he could barely read music through half of his short career—that the disparity can only be accounted for by the word that is so often applied and so seldom fits: genius. His short life of 28 years, his drinking and his vain striving after whatever notion of musical perfection he carried in his head—these are components of a mighty romantic myth, one that has called up comparisons to Shelley and Keats, inspired a novel (Dorothy Baker's *Young Man With a Horn*) and a couple of other biographies besides this one.

Remembering Bix is an attempt, Ralph Berton declares, to demythologize Bix Beiderbecke, to present the man as he was before Dorothy Baker and Hollywood (her novel was subsequently made into a movie with Kirk Douglas in the Bix role and Harry James dubbing the trumpet part—both totally wrong) got hold of him. Well, if that was Berton's purpose, then he has failed, for it does nothing of the kind. His book simply lays a new stratum of myth over the old one. To the extent that it is about Bix at all, it presents a picture of the jazzman that may be more detailed though not a bit more precisely rendered than the figure who has survived in fuzzy outline until now. The only advantage that Berton can claim for *his* Bix is that he is drawn from memory.

Well, memory plays tricks. And it shouldn't be surprising that his portrait of Bix Beiderbecke is a rather romantic one, for this is Bix as seen through the eyes of a 13-year-old boy who, by his own admission, absolutely worshipped the musician during the year or so they were in contact. The particular tricks played by memory here all tend to persuade Ralph Berton that he remembers more about that relationship and its setting in time than he possibly could. Page after page of *Remembering Bix* is packed with exact novelistic detail, conversations remembered with such clarity that they read like reasonably good fiction. Which is, I suspect, what most of it really is.

I'm not suggesting that the book is generally untrue or that the author deliberately set out to deceive us on important points. Much, if not most, fiction has a basis in the author's experience. *Remembering Bix* seems to have just that same sort of relationship to reality: he has taken the essential, bare and probably not-too-well-remembered facts and tried to recreate it all as it happened—or at least *might* have happened—to him. That last "to him" is the operative phrase in grasping his technique, for just as he comes on strong, he comes on subjectively: in the middle of the book he upstages Bix shamefully. Where memory fails him, romance takes over.

But if not taken too literally, the book has its merits. It is written in lively, readable style; that was the point, after all, of the liberties he has taken. And it assembles the material on Bix's early life so well that it suggests this could have been a very good conventional biography. As it is, though, it is a mixed job at best.

Bruce Cook

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Fine Print

The Year of the Indian

Doris Grumbach

The new wave of publishing flows this year in the direction of the American Indian. Books by, about and documenting Indians and Indian life are on many lists, and at midpoint in this year fill two office shelves. The most impressive, and useful from a research point of view, is Random House's four-volume **The American Indian and the United States** ($110). Wilcomb E. Washburn, director of the Office of American Studies at the Smithsonian Institution, is responsible for this mammoth job of documentation—3119 pages, including a full index—and I can think of many ways scholars will find this reference work indispensible. It contains, among other things, selections from reports of the commissioners of Indian Affairs, occupying a volume and a half. Of these Washburn writes, in his introduction, that they have been selected to show "the various levels of comprehension, concern, and commitment demonstrated by successive commissioners." (These extend, oddly, only until 1963.) Here too you can find excerpts from most of the congressional debates on federal Indian policy (until 1970), by far the most fascinating parts of this massive collection. Of this oratory the editor points out that from the debates, far more than from the "cautious prose of the courts," of the commissioners, and of statutes (legal decisions take up Volume IV) and treaties (which constitute two volumes), one gets "an intimate sense of the psychological attitudes and economic motives of our representatives, and through them of the people they represent." Despite the cost the four volumes are important background for any serious work on federal treatment of Indians.

The University of Oklahoma Press at Norman, Oklahoma is the noncommercial press with the greatest sustained interest in this kind of publishing; witness their series, *Civilization of the American Indian*. Two recent works of interest from them: **Why Gone Those Times,** a recording of tales told by Blackfoot Indians to James Willard Schultz, collected and reprinted here from various sources by the editor, Eugene Lee Silliman ($7.95). James Schultz died in 1947, so this volume represents very good, very early examples of what might be called authentic oral history before that art became a respectable profession. The book has an added attraction, the 16 paintings by Charles Marion Russell, who lived and worked among the Blackfeet in the late 19th century. Having them here is so pleasant that I wish the press had expanded themselves to the extent of using color.

Also from Oklahoma: Dan L. Thrapp's enthralling (I use the word carefully) **Victorio** ($9.95). Victorio, who Thrapp calls "America's greatest guerrilla fighter," was an Apache leader, and his tribe, the Mimbres of New Mexico, were among the greatest sufferers of the white man's sense of manifest destiny. In 1880 Victorio led his warriors against both the Mexican and American armies, outwitted them at first, and then tragically was defeated, the tribe exterminated. "The record is not one in which other Americans should take pride," writes Thrapp. "They [the Apaches] did not understand how to live in peace with the aggressive whites, and so in desperation were driven to war."

The US Army after the Civil War was engaged in one major activity: the extermination of Indians, according to Robert M. Utley's **Frontier Regulars** (Macmillan; $12.95). The hero of Atlanta, William Tecumseh Sherman, assumed command of his "military domain" in 1866. It extended from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Canadian border to Texas. In 1899 the Indian wars were over and Wounded Knee nine years past, the Indians wiped out or incarcerated. This volume details the truth about these years, events so full of popular misinformation and biased thinking that it cannot help but astonish the patriot and amaze the pious. "The frontier Regulars saw themselves as the advance guard of civilization, sweeping aside the savage to make way for the stockman, the miner, the farmer, and the merchant." Impeccably researched, this scholarly book moves equably between the stereotype of the soldier as butcher ("Eastern humanitarians saw them in this light," says Utley), and heroes (in the motion pictures of John Ford and the characterizations of John Wayne). A beautifully written and produced book.

Dial is the commercial house with recently the most interesting publishing items on the subject, two books written for "young adults" (which suggests less-than-adult trade books, but which really are simply very clear, directly written prose), **The Warren Wagontrain Raid** by Benjamin Capps ($8.95) and **Pueblos, Gods & Spaniards** by John Upton Terrell ($10). The first is a graphic retelling of the history of Satanta, 50-year-old Kiowa chief, and his more than 100 braves who ambushed a supply train on the plains of North Texas in 1871, and the pursuit and destruction of the group. The second is a history of the Pueblo Indians, their ways of life, their religion and myths, from 1529 until the Spanish Conquest in 1692, where Terrell ends his story on a sober note about the modernization of those artistic and inventive Indians. Their numbers are now increasing more than those of the nation as a whole, and they are trying desperately to survive in two worlds.

Two picture books are worth looking into; one in particular, Ellwood Parry's **The Image of the Indian and the Black Man in American Art** (1590-1900) published by Braziller ($12.50). Of special value to persons interested in exploring the idea that pictures produce, as well as record, the prejudices of white persons in this country, especially the racial attitudes of the artists and photographers who make the pictures. Theodore De Bry's engraving of red men in 1590 was the start; there follow paintings, etchings, engravings, etc., of the Colonial period, the Civil War era and on into the turn of this century. Copley, West, Paul Revere, Mathew Brady, Catlin, Remington, Hesselius, and many lesser names are here. If you have often thought that racial stereotypes were created by words, this volume will permit you to modify that view or extend it, to include all those in whose artistic hands the red and the black man have fallen.

Second, the Smithsonian's vast collection of pictures of North American life, 1847-1929, has been culled for a book called **Indians** (Crown; $12.95). Put to-

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gether by Joanna Cohan Scherer, the book permanentizes an exhibit of these photos in 1970 at the institution (and then on tour throughout the country). The Smithsonian began its collection of photographs in 1847. A valuable insight into how Indians actually looked, Hollywood versions aside, how they lived, dressed, worked until 1929 when, as Mrs. Scherer points out, "the impact of white European-Americans on red men had been so overwhelming that it is difficult to see . . . any vestige of how the Indians lived before their encounter with white culture."

Space gives out, but there are a few others to list if not to describe at length: International Publishers' **Voices from Wahkon-tah** (meaning great mystery), a small but important collection of Indian poetry by contemporary poets based on the experience of Indian existence, most of them reflective and holy, as Vine Deloria, Jr. points out in his introduction . . . **Come to Power,** another collection of contemporary American Indian poetry, edited by Dick Lourie (Crossing Press; $3.95 paper). No duplication of poets here, and some very good new names I've never before encountered, plus a knowledgeable introduction by Joseph Bruchac. . . . Duane Niatum, represented in the Crossing Press book, has a slim collection of his own, **Ascending Red Cedar Moon** (Harper & Row; $5.95). I liked these poems: lyrical, gentle, close to natural phenomena in their rhythms and images. . . . **Medicine Power,** by Brad Steiger (Doubleday; $6.95), claims to be the first book to deal in a serious way with the American Indian's religious heritage, and well it may be. Steiger's own interest in psychic matters melds well with his consideration of medicine ways, herbal medicine, the role of prophecy, all brought up-to-date under "relevance for modern man." The use of myths makes the study convincing to a certain extent; more interesting is the narrative about the revival among modern-day Indians of their traditional religious life and liturgies . . . And finally, note that Delacorte will publish in late August what promises to be a bill of rights (or Declaration of Independence) for Indians, by Vine Deloria, Jr., one of the Indian nation's major spokesmen. **Behind the Trail of Broken Treaties** proposes a program of new treaty-making between Indians and the federal government. It promises to be a thought-provoking, much discussed book.

Correspondence

EPA Acts

Sirs:

I have read with interest the article "Cancer in a Spray Can," by Barbara Newman, appearing in your May 4 issue, and would like to complete the record of EPA actions occurring subsequent to the writing of that article.

On April 24 I suspended the registrations of pesticide spray products containing vinyl chloride as a propellant which EPA has registered for indoor use. The suspension order, which went into effect immediately, prohibits the further distribution, sale or use of these pesticide products. At the same time I requested that all existing stocks of these products be recalled. All manufacturers of pesticides using vinyl chloride gas as a propellant had previously indicated their willingness to recall these products voluntarily. The suspension action was taken after EPA tests and calculations indicated that, during a typical spray of a vinyl chloride-containing aerosol, the user would be exposed to significant levels of the gas. These tests further showed that residues of the gas could remain in an enclosed area for some period of time, albeit at lower levels. The results of these experiments coupled with additional results from animal tests made the case for suspension of these products considerably stronger than it had previously been.

The issuance of such an order must be predicated upon a determination that such action is necessary to prevent an imminent hazard during the time required to go through the more usual cancellation process. We are still uncertain as to the health risks associated with the short term exposure to vinyl chloride gas such as is produced by the use of aerosol pesticide products. However, based on the experimental results, preliminary as some of them were, I felt it prudent to assume that any exposure at the levels produced by these products will have increased the risk of cancer should the strongly suspected causal relationship between vinyl chloride and cancer be finally confirmed.

As Miss Newman points out, many new and untested chemicals enter the marketplace and the workplace each year, their potential for health or environmental damage unknown. The Toxic Substances Control Act now pending before Congress would give EPA authority to require pre-market testing of such substances, as well as regulatory authority to restrict the use or distribution of many chemicals not presently subject to federal control. I believe that recent experience with vinyl chloride points out the need for such legislation to bring within the statutory scope uses of chemicals which presently fall outside of the reach of federal law.

Russell E. Train
Administrator
Environmental Protection Agency

Urban Renewal & the Poor

Sirs:

I want to compliment Stanley Karnow's sensitive reporting of the Oxford conference sponsored by the United Nations Fund for Population Activities and the *Sunday Times* of England. "No More Room" (*TNR*, April 20, 1974) is in the best journalistic tradition, informing us of a serious problem for which very little planning is being undertaken: the staggering world population expected within this century.

I feel compelled, however, to amplify a statement attributed to me, because it is important to understand what was said about urban renewal at this international conference. The main point I made in debate was that the effect of the public monies spent in urban renewal programs has been to eliminate low-rent housing on a wide-scale basis, while the middle and upper income residents have been subsidized in new housing. As a result of the destruction of low-rent housing, the poor are relocated from one slum dwelling to another and to neighborhoods of worse crime and poverty. . . .

Latin American, British and Asian delegates noted these same results in their countries: those who can best afford to pay rent are highly subsidized, while the poor are removed from their neighborhood ties and potential political representation into other slums.

The most vocal argument against my criticisms of urban renewal came from a New York planner and architect, Oscar Newman, who believes that the poor must be dispersed into middle-income housing, in a proper ratio, so that they can emulate middle-class ambitions

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and standards. The "proper" ratios have been academized into percentages; 70 percent middle-income and 30 percent low-income, the theory being that the "tipping point" is reached when the 30 percent mark is exceeded and the middle class flees the city. One must keep in mind that the poor are predominantly black and hispanic peoples. While we may ultimately favor complete integration, the effects of these aims must be examined. The "tipping point" theory has now permeated housing policy in New York and other urban centers in the US. The net effect has been that another rationale for not building public housing for the poor has been found, and that when housing subsidies are scarce, which they always are, the first to go are the subsidies for the 30 percent poor in middle income housing. The result is that the poor are dispersed, but to other and usually worse slums and the number of low-rent housing decreases considerably.

Natalie Becker
New York City

Chicken Economics

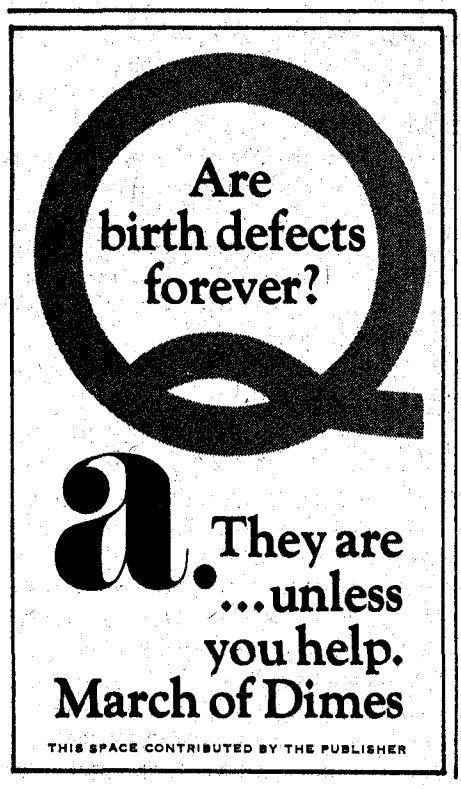
Sirs:

Regarding "Mississippi Saga of the Chicken-Fried Taxpayer" (*TNR*, May 4, 1974), we only get five cents for processing a chicken when we are working in the plants; and the contract growers get the same. The integrated processer always gets 90 cents. We would like to change that. That is why we are organized. But Congress is not going to change it just because nine million chickens had to be killed. Only we, the workers, can ultimately change the economics of the chicken industry through the long hard organizing process. We have been organizing and still are. But right now we are fighting for survival. We lost our nickels when they killed the chickens. We need those nickels to survive.

When the processers went to see Sen. Eastland they didn't ask for anything for us. They only asked for themselves. We worked hard to get included in the package. We think it is the only way to get our nickels. And let us remember this is not the first boondoggle. However, it is the first one where the workers get anything. When we move in and demand our share in the system you cry out that the system is crooked.

You want to change the industry. Do it with your own nickels, not with ours.

Matthew Nicks
Vice President
Mississippi Poultry Workers Union



Pro-Willkie

Sirs:

The article by Marquis Childs ("Nominating an Unknown in '76," *TNR*, May 4, 1974) sets me thinking and remembering. I was in Philadelphia in 1940 when Willkie was nominated as the GOP standard bearer. And I recall making the rounds a few days before the convention opened of the several headquarters, and the Taft headquarters was dead. But the Willkie headquarters was buzzing with life. It was so crowded that I had to elbow my way through.

I went straight to my room and dashed off a letter to the editor of the Knoxville *Journal*, my hometown paper, and a strong Taft supporter, saying I had visited the several headquarters and it was my firm conviction that Willkie would be the nominee. The *Journal* did not print my letter and did not even thank me for my on-the-spot observations. But Willkie *was* nominated and went on to run a fairly good race against FDR, as the world now knows.

Lawrence Edwards
Knoxville, Tenn.

Kauffmann, *from page 18*

gratitude for such profundities, cries mixed with gasps of wonder at a mind that can play so lightly with such deep thoughts.

The play is fake, structurally and thematically. All through it some recent similar experience kept nagging at me, and at last I remembered: Lindsay Anderson's film *O Lucky Man!* (*TNR*, June 16, 1973). The film is on a quite different subject but it too was a vehicle, groaning with effects, which toppled to show that Anderson, like Stoppard here, had absolutely nothing inside. But at least Anderson is a master of his craft as such; Stoppard is not. He is just one more half-baked egoist anxious for a cosmic grab, who thinks that the size of his ambition will certify his seriousness, particularly if he is comic, most particularly if he is reflexively theatrical.

My low opinion of the script would be no higher if it were well performed, but at least I would have had the pleasure of good performances. Brian Bedford nibbles his way busily through the mouthy dialogue like a long-haired chipmunk chewing his way through cheese. I have rarely been so conscious of an actor's teeth. To judge by *Jumpers* and Molière's *School for Wives* (1971), Bedford seems on his way to being the present-day Maurice Evans—Broadway's English star by virtue of elocution. Jill Clayburgh, the wife, is stripped at one point and we get a glimpse of her behind. Nothing else she shows—in technique or understanding—is so well-rounded. The rest of the cast is beneath comment, except the acrobats who are pretty good.

Peter Wood, who directed, also did the first production in London with Michael Hordern and Diana Rigg, who must have got everything possible from the parts. The effect here is as if Wood had been content to put together a road company, making do for the provinces.

The sets—two rooms that swing in and out and some backdrops—are by the celebrated Josef Svoboda of Prague. I have bad luck with Svoboda. A book published by Wesleyan in 1971, *The Scenography of Josef Svoboda*, contains some stunning designs of his, done at home. The work of his that I have seen on stage—two previous productions at the National, the recent revival of *I Vespri Siciliani* at the Metropolitan Opera, and now *Jumpers*—seems the product of a middling design student at a middling drama school.

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